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ELYSIUM.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Lay your heart on mine, dear,
Do you feel Love's thrill?
While you nestle here, dear,
Pain doth lose its chill.

Let me see your eyes, dear,
Tender, radiant eyes;
In their holy depths, dear,
All my proud soul lies.

Let me kiss your mouth, dear,
Sweetest mouth to me
In the whole wide world, dear—
Now—you must go free.

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

NARRATIVE BY CHRISTABEL DEVEREUX.—(CONTINUED.)

UPON their return home from their Continental tour they spent a week or so in London, after which they went to their home, and in the course of a few days drove over to the Manor House to visit their neighbors and kinsfolk, and to take me back with them to Alton Edge when they returned.

I could have wished that I might have been left longer with Lady Mannesty, under whose protection I had been so very happy; but I was too well disciplined by twelve years of school-life to rebel against authority, and I prepared to submit to all arrangements made for me.

"You will not rid yourself of all encumbrances by flying to the hospitable roof of the Lovelaces," remarked Vere to me one day. "I am quite a tame cat about their house, as you will find to your cost. I have my own room always in readiness, and a box for my horse equally at my disposal. Fifteen miles is just a nice ride. I prefer that distance to almost any other. I shall be over very often, you may depend upon it."

I looked up at him and smiled.

"It will be very pleasant to see you," I answered shyly. "Things will not seem so strange when you are there."

"Don't you like strangers, then?" he asked.

"I don't think I like changes," I replied.

"Wonderful! And you a woman too! I thought women could never have change enough."

I shook my head gravely.

"I don't know about that. I can speak only for myself."

"Ah, I see!"—with an odd twinkle in his eyes. "You have not yet forgotten your misery and despair at quitting the side of the divine Miss Beverley. I sympathize—I do indeed. I can enter into your feelings."

I bent over my work to conceal a smile, and answered seriously—

"I do not like you to make fun of Miss Beverley, Mr. Mannesty. She was always very good to me, and I am very fond of her."

"I adore her!" was Vere's unblushing response. "Without her the world is to me a blank—a waste—a howling wilderness!"

I knew it was useless to contend with him, so I let the matter drop.

The next day the new guests arrived. Mrs. Lovelace was a very pretty vivacious woman, looking much younger than her years, and with a fund of bright sparkling talk that appeared to be quite inexhaustible.

Her husband was a pleasant gentlemanly man, agreeable and well-informed, but without any very salient points. He seemed quite content to take up the position of le mari de madame, and to enjoy basking in his wife's smiles and laughing at her sallies as much as most men enjoy hearing themselves talk.

Mrs. Lovelace was exceedingly kind to me, and soon put me at my ease by her friendly manner.

"I do hope we shall be able to make you happy with us," she said warmly the first evening after her arrival, when she had been telling me a little about her house and surroundings. "I know nobody in the world is like my dear Cousin Frederica" is the name she spoke of Lady Mannesty—"but we will try to make things as pleasant for you as we can. Vere will help us. He is a capital boy for help things to go. I don't know what we should do without Vere—I don't really. When is Marcus Basset coming back? Does he ever write to you? Do you know what plans he has made for you?"

I shivered, as I always did when I heard the name of my guardian. Mrs. Lovelace laughed as she observed this, saying lightly—

"Somebody 'walking over your grave—eh?"

I tried to smile, but the attempt was not very successful.

Vere, who was observing us without appearing to do so, now came to my assistance.

"I do not think Miss Devereux is personally acquainted with her guardian."

"I have not seen him since I was a child," I remarked.

"Does he never come to see you when he is in this part of the country?"

"No, never."

"Nor write to you?"

"Never."

"I suppose you hear from Mrs. Basset?"

"I did not know there was a Mrs. Basset till I came here. Everything must have been done through Miss Beverley; but she never tells me anything."

Mrs. Lovelace laughed a little and shrugged her shoulders.

"The ways of the Bassets are mysterious—past finding out. I never profess to understand them. Perhaps there is nothing to understand. My husband always says that people take very absurd and exaggerated views about them just because the son is a great traveler and the mother a recluse. All the same, I always believe there is a screw loose with the Bassets—'a bee in their bonnet'—isn't that the saying? And, to tell the honest truth, I don't think he's a fit man to be your guardian, my dear, You agree with me, don't you, Vere?"

"I really feel hardly able to offer an opinion," answered Vere carelessly—"my acquaintance with the gentleman in question is so very limited. I suspect Trevor is about right, and that much more fuss is made of their eccentricity than there is any cause for. The vacant mind of the public so loves a little food for gossip, and the stories are passed on and improved so rapidly, that there is no knowing where they will stop."

Mrs. Lovelace laughed, and tapped Vere with her fan.

"A thousand thanks for the implied suggestion that my mind is vacant and my tongue mischievous! You are improving in impudence, Vere—you are getting on really fast!"

Vere answered in his own imperturbable fashion, and a little wordy warfare ensued, to which I paid but little heed. I was thinking over what I had heard, and wondering why it was that the Bassets seemed to bear so bad a name amongst their neighbors.

Vere, it is true, had defended them just now; but I could not help thinking it had been more to reassure me than because he had any particular conviction upon the point.

I remembered the words of his spoken upon the brow of that hill about ten days ago now, and it had not seemed that he believed my guardian was a man to be trusted. He had almost asked permission to defend me from him. I determined that I would find out, in some way, if there was any ground for the current distrust of him that seemed so general.

I had not long to wait for my opportunity. The very next evening, after dinner, while the gentlemen lingered over their wine, Mrs. Lovelace wandered out into the garden with me, chatting in her easy and pleasant fashion, and by gradual stages the talk drifted to the subject of the Bassets.

"I want to know more about them, Mrs. Lovelace," I said. "I wish you would tell me if there is any story against them."

"Well, if you promise not to be frightened, or to think too much of it, I will. Everybody knows, of course, and there may be nothing in it. Nothing was ever proved; only you can't stop peoples' tongues or their thoughts—people will always talk."

I slipped my arm within that of Mrs. Lovelace. I felt that I was on the verge of some horrid disclosure. I was frightened, without in the least knowing why.

"Trevor says there is nothing in it—that it is a disgraceful slander, and ought never to be repeated. I have great confidence in Trevor's judgment, and very likely he is quite right in all he says; only he and Marcus Basset are cousins, and one must always stand up for one's flesh and blood."

Mrs. Lovelace paused and shook her head sagely. It was very plain she leaned rather to the current rumor than to her husband's view of this matter.

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Nothing, after all, so very remarkable, my dear. He married a rich wife, and she died in a rather a sudden and mysterious way shortly after the marriage. She had been devotedly attached to Marcus, was over head and ears in love, as the saying is, and would not allow any settlement to be made. She was older than he, and mistress of her own affairs. She drew up a will after her marriage, leaving every penny she possessed to him, and in three month's time she was dead."

The last words were spoken in so significant a tone that I shuddered. My next question was put in a whisper.

"And you think——"

"Oh, it isn't what I think, my love! I don't think anything about it. There was an inquest, of course; and it was satisfactorily made out that it was accidental death—she had taken an overdose of a preparation of chloral or something, which she was using for neuralgia. The case was made out clearly enough at the time, and no blame was attached to anybody. Only, you know, people will talk, and will have their own views of the matter; and there were one or two things that looked ugly."

"What were they?"

"Well, for one thing, before this marriage the Bassets were miserably poor—didn't know what to do for money. He was only three-and-twenty at the time, but he was deeply in debt, and ruin stared him in the face. His marriage saved him; but everybody said he did not care one jot for his wife. She was six years his senior, and he seemed to find her very devotion to him insufferable. The marriage was of Mrs. Basset's making, yet she seemed to detest her daughter-in-law as soon as they had made sure of her fortune; and it was reported that their household was in a most unhappy state. Marcus wanted to travel: but he would not hear of his wife's accompanying him, and she would not consent to being left behind. How matters would have been adjusted nobody knows; but the knot was cut by the sudden death of Mrs. Marcus Basset."

"And did nobody suspect him at the time?" I asked, in a low awe-struck voice.

"There was not a shadow of evidence against him. Indeed, he was not at home at the time, and Mrs. Basset was ill in bed in another wing of the house, and was proved, on the testimony of her maid, never to have quitted her room the whole night. There seemed absolute proof that the poor woman had accidentally taken the overdose herself, and Trevor says that any other idea is preposterous and unworthy. He was brought up to the law, you know, and is very keen on evidence, and will believe nothing without proof; but the other people are not so logical—or so charitable, whichever you like to call it."

"And what do they say?"

"Some say that the old woman had a hand in it. She would have gladly have gone to the gallows any day for her son's sake. Others, again, believe that the poor creature's life was made such a burden to her that she was obliged to seek forgetfulness in narcotics, and that she deliberately poisoned herself rather than endure such an existence any longer."

"What do you believe?" I inquired.

"I? Oh, I take care not to believe anything! The Bassets are my husband's relations; and Marcus always comes to see us when he is in England. I call occasionally upon his mother, but, luckily, she hardly ever admits me. She has scarcely seen anybody since the death of her daughter-in-law and Marcus has spent almost all his time abroad. Their defenders say this is a proof of their grief at the loss, and their detractors that it looks more like a guilty conscience. Trevor says that is absurd. You must not think Trevor is very fond of the Bassets. I don't think he likes them much in his heart; but he always wishes to be just, and he is indignant at rumors that, as he says, have not a grain of truth in them. He would be vexed, I dare say, if he thought I had talked like this to you; but I don't see why you should be kept in ignorance of what everybody else in the place knows quite well."

"Why do you say 'you of all people'?" I asked, with a shiver.

"Why, because you are connected in a certain way with the Bassets; so it is only fair you should know all there is to know about them."

It was with some difficulty that I put the next question, for I did not want my agitation to be seen.

"You do not think—he will want to take me to live in his house?"

"No, I do not think so at all. Mrs. Basset detests visitors, and he is hardly ever at home himself. They have a few servants, and their menage, I should say, was most miserable. I should not imagine for a moment that they would ever dream of inviting you there; and, if they did, I should decline to go, if I were you, and we would all stand by you."

I drew my breath a little more freely then; but I had still another question on my mind.

"Do you remember the name of Mrs. Basset's maid—the one who was with her when——"

"Yes, yes; I know what you mean. Carter was the name. I don't think she has ever had but that one maid. They are reported to be quite inseparable."

"They cannot be that," I answered, "for

Mrs. Basset sent Carter to be my maid when I came here. She is in the house now."

I fancied Mrs. Lovelace started and looked disturbed; but after a little pause she said lightly—

"Dear me—how very self-sacrificing of her! And do you like the maid?"

"Not at all," I returned quickly. "I would give anything to send her away."

Mrs. Lovelace laid her hand upon my arm with sudden energy. Her face, usually so gay and careless, was grave now.

"My dear child," she said, with emphasis, "be guided by me in this matter. Whatever else you do, do not make an enemy of the Bassets, or of Mrs. Basset's maid, Carter."

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MRS. BASSET, OF FENMORE END.

March 6th.—A letter for Marcus this morning from Trevor Lovelace. I opened it, as is my custom before forwarding his correspondence, but found it of no particular interest. It was merely to inform him of the illness of the child who is his ward—there is something inexpressibly droll to my mind in the fact that Marcus has been placed in the position of a guardian to a young girl—and to suggest, as the illness is diphtheria, which has attacked the whole school, that upon her recovery some change of air and scene will be advisable.

I forwarded the letter to Marcus without comment, save that I told him not to suggest Fenmore End as a temporary asylum for his young charge. I do not think he would be foolish enough to try to quarter a miserable little school-girl upon me; but I have given him a hint not to do so.

I wish he would come home soon. I am longing for a sight of his face; but I must not appear impatient. Young men do not like importunity from their mothers. I suppose Marcus will always be young to me; yet his forty-fifth birthday is approaching, and the people about us would gibe to hear me speak of my son as young.

Never mind; let them all gibe and jeer. Their turn will come some day, and no doubt they will age more rapidly than my son has done. A handsomer man of his age I have never known.

March 24th.—A letter from Marcus to-day, short and abrupt as usual, but giving me sufficient food for anxiety. He is in want of money again—desperately in want, I judge from his tone. How he gets rid of such large sums I cannot imagine.

I suppose young men always will be young men; but Marcus asks how he is to live now that his fortune is dissipated, his property mortgaged, and every penny of his wife's money spent. He may well ask; but how to answer is more than I know. My own narrow means barely support myself and enable me to keep a roof over my head, which shall also shelter him whenever he needs it.

I am troubled, greatly troubled. I must see if something cannot be done. My son shall never have cause to say that his mother failed him in his hour of need. Where there's a will, there's generally a way.

April 4th.—I have passed a sufficiently unhappy week. Last night I told Carter all that was on my mind. She had divined my uneasiness, and wished to know the cause. Carter's wishes always carry a certain amount of weight; and, besides, I often find her clever and helpful. When she heard all I had to say she was silent for a time, and then she said, with a low laugh—

"Master had better marry again."

I am not quite sure that I liked the tone of the remark; but it was not one that I could visibly resent. After all the woman is perfectly trustworty. A little license must be permitted after such long and faithful service.

"Marriage would not help him," I answered, "unless the lady had a large fortune; and, unfortunately, heiresses are not to be picked up every day."

"Master seems more in the way of them than most folks though," answered the woman significantly; "he's got one pretty well to his hand just now."

I confess I was quite at a loss to understand her meaning; but I knew that Carter did generally speak without warrant, and that, from going backwards and forwards into the town, she picked up a good deal of information that never reached my ears, unless from her lips.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I do not in the least understand you."

"Why, my meaning's plain enough, ma'am! I'm alluding to that young lady at Miss Beverley's school, just outside Altonbridge. She is master's ward, and they all say she has a mint of money."

"Who says so?"

"Why, all the folks at Altonbridge! I suppose the schoolmistress brags a bit now and again. If there's money in the question, trust a schoolmistress for getting wind of it!"

"But she is only a child—a little schoolgirl. It is absurd to think of her as a wife for my son."

Carter sniffed indignantly; she evidently did not like any suggestion of hers being treated as absurd.

"She may have been a child when she was sent there; but she's none such a child now; and if she won't make a beauty one of these days, my name is not Sarah Carter."

April 20th.—Ever since the conversation with Carter about my son's ward I have been unable to get the matter off my mind. What motive has prompted the Lovelaces to act in this matter? All these years—so I have ascertained—they have taken no notice of Miss Devereux, have seemed in absolute ignorance of her existence. What this motive is, since they have no marriageable sons of their own, is more than I can say; but I will endeavor to discover it.

I have found out that the rumors of the girl's great wealth are neither unfounded nor exaggerated. Our family lawyer is acquainted with the details of this child's property, which since her parent's death has been invested in safe Government and Colonial securities.

As her parents died when she was about six years old, and the income then left to her was about twelve thousand a year, the whole of which has been steadily accumulating with interest and compound interest—for her schooling has cost only some two or three hundred a year—during the thirteen years, she will come into a really princely fortune on the attainment of her majority; and my son is at once her guardian and trustee, as well as sole executor of her father's will.

How is it, I wonder, that Marcus has never named any of these facts to me? Has it been simple forgetfulness or indifference, or has he another and a deeper motive?

That point I cannot at present determine; but I must consider well what steps to take for the future. Much depends upon me, and it behooves me to act with the greatest discretion and prudence.

I wish I had known two month ago all that I know now. I would have advised Marcus to let the girl come here, and would have kept her safe for him as long as was necessary.

What is done however cannot be undone. Marcus will have answered Trevor Lovelace's letter long before this, and I must await the result of this decision, and then do the best I can. One thing is certain—Marcus must come home quickly, and he must marry this girl.

April 29th.—The more I consider this plan of marrying Marcus to this little school-girl with a colossal fortune, the more reasonable and feasible does it appear.

Indeed, I wrote a letter to Marcus upon the subject, but, on consideration, I decided not to send it.

There is no denying that in some matters my son shows himself somewhat impracticable—and marriage is one. Ever since the sad death of poor Eliza there has been a certain constraint in his manner towards me. He cannot pretend to regret her; he never professed to care for her; and only a week before her melancholy end he was expressing to me, in his blunt outspoken way, a wish that she might die and release him from a distasteful yoke.

Upon the subject of contracting a second marriage I have always found him exceedingly reserved, and inclined at times to be almost insolent.

May 1st.—I begin to understand the action of the Lovelaces with regard to this matter of Christabel Devereux. Carter has been making inquiries in that very cautious and prudent way of hers, and I think we have reached a pretty satisfactory—or unsatisfactory—conclusion.

It appears that Sir Charles and Lady Mannesty, of the Manor House, near to which Miss Beverley's school is situated, have an only son, who, ever since this girl has been there, has taken a great interest in her, which until lately he kept almost entirely to himself. At the time of her illness, however, he seemed roused to take active steps.

He made inquiries as to her parentage, antecedents, and, we may safely presume also, her fortune. Probably these inquiries brought to light the fact that she was a ward of my son's, for from that time he was constantly seen riding over to the Lovelaces', and it was no doubt at his instigation that Trevor wrote to Marcus on the subject.

Why did I not know then all that I know now? I might have taken very different steps had I been warned in time. There is nothing to be done but to await the course of events. One thing however is very plain—Vere Mannesty is an enemy and must be watched.

May 10th.—All my suspicions have been verified to-day, and that in a manner that is very vexatious. I hear that Marcus has given power to Trevor Lovelace to make such arrangements for his ward as her state of health demands; and the first of these arrangements is that she is to go to the Manor House and pay a long visit to the Mannestys.

The excuse for this very odd plan is that the Lovelaces are abroad, or just going, and that the Mannestys, as their oldest friends, are willing to give a home to this young girl until their house is open to receive her. Of course it is plain enough what it all means.

Vere Mannesty is in love with the girl, or with her fortune, and he wants to be first in the field now that she is getting old enough to be wooed and won. I can see the whole thing plainly; but I am powerless at present to interfere. I must wait and watch, and check in so far as possible the mischief that may be brewing.

May 15th.—I have to-day lost Carter, who has gone to the Manor House at Altonbridge to enter the service of Miss Devereux. This was her own idea, and I think it a good one, as I shall now be kept informed of all that passes in that house. I wrote a note to Lady Mannesty a few days ago, telling her that my son wished me to select a personal attendant for his ward, as she was now leaving school, and that I should, with her permission, send over such a person upon the day she appointed for the reception of Miss Devereux. The reply was not altogether cordial, but of course no objection could be raised; and so Carter is established at the Manor House, and I feel more at ease, although my mind misgives me and I am convinced that there is trouble ahead.

I wish Marcus would come home; but I am afraid it will be a month or so before he does.

June 1st.—I have had an interview with Carter to-day, which has gone far to confirm my previous suspicions.

Servants learn a great deal from one another, and it is the general belief in Lady Mannesty's house that the son is deeply enamoured of this girl, who, Carter assures me, is exceedingly beautiful.

So far as I can learn, the young man is not hurrying on his suit. He seems to keep very quiet, and the girl is evidently quite unversed in all such matters, and enjoys Lady Mannesty's society more than his. So far all is going better than I could well have expected, and I may have no real cause for anxiety; but there was one portion of Carter's story that perplexed me somewhat.

She says she feels convinced that this girl has an intense horror of my son, and that this horror is not the result of anything she can have heard at the Manor House, as she observed signs of it within an hour of her arrival.

Carter cannot in the least explain the cause of her young mistress's dislike to the name of Basset and yet she affirms that it exists, and even extends to herself; and the girl shrinks from her ministrations, and never enters into conversation with her unless it is absolutely necessary.

I am disappointed in this, as well as puzzled. The girl has never seen Marcus in her life, unless she did did so when she was a mere baby. He never writes to her, though, as I hear, he occasionally sends her costly gifts, which Carter says she always declines to wear.

June 15th.—Heard to-day from Carter. She tells me that Vere Mannesty rides out almost daily with Christabel Devereux, who is treated more than ever as the daughter of the house. She believes that, if not actually engaged, they are in a fair way to become so.

It is certainly vexatious; but I can bide my time. Marcus has authority over her for two years more. He can withhold his consent, and he must.

July 20th.—Matters in reference to my son's ward are proceeding faster than I like. Ten days ago she left Altonbridge Manor House for Trevor Lovelace's place, and now I hear that she and young Mannesty are engaged, and are only awaiting my son's consent to make arrangements for a speedy marriage. They may wait, I think, for they will not be able to communicate with him except through me; and I shall take good care that no letters upon that subject ever reach his hand.

July 28th.—Another check of quite an unexpected nature. It seems that the Lovelaces having heard of Marcus in Venice through some friends, have communicated with him direct, and have already obtained his consent to the engagement.

It is most annoying that Carter did not find all this out sooner, though I am doubtful if I could have done anything to stay the course of events. That little chit tells her nothing, hardly speaks to her, dismisses her from her room on every possible occasion, and has quite succeeded in making a bitter enemy of her. Little fool! She will find out her mistake one of these days. Carter is not a person one need stir up into open animosity. Never mind; all this suits my plans very well. If things are going badly in one quarter, they are going well in another. Carter may be very useful to me in days to come. She never forgives.

August 4th.—A great surprise befell me to-day. Marcus came home quite unexpectedly. He never does give much warning of his approach; but I confess I was rather startled when he walked into my room this afternoon, as coolly and calmly as if he had been absent for five hours instead of five years.

He was looking thin and careworn, I thought, but then that sort of look is, I think, exceedingly becoming to Marcus. It gives him a particularly distinguished air, and certainly, for his years, he is a peculiarly handsome and youthful-looking man.

Of course the condition of his affairs engrossed our minds for some time, to the exclusion of all else.

He is involved and embarrassed on every side. He never begins to trouble himself until matters have pretty well reached a climax.

I made him explain everything to me. With self-restraint, I avoided alluding to the subject of Miss Devereux and her fortune, the more so as I saw by his brooding manner that he had something on his mind, and I thought that it might refer to that.

I contented myself by suggesting that his cousin, Trevor Lovelace, who is a very well-to-do man, might be willing to assist him by a loan; and I advised him to visit Alton Edge to-morrow, and see if anything could be arranged. He made no answer as to the loan, but said he would call and see the Lovelaces. I could not but gather from his manner that he was keeping back some of his thoughts from me. I hope this may be so. I hope he is thinking of this girl and her money.

August 10th.—Everything seems to be coming right now, and my warmest hopes are being realized. Marcus went over to Alton Edge the day after he came home, and has been there every day since. He says little of his visits so far, but I can read in his silence and abstraction more depth of feeling than any speech would tell me.

He loves this girl—I am convinced of it—I know it as well as if he had made me the confidante of a lover's raptures. He is in love for the first time—as I believe—in all his life, and he loves with all the passion and strength of a wild untamed nature.

August 19th.—I saw Carter for a few minutes to-day. She tells me that Marcus is very guarded in his manner at Alton Edge, and that he does not make the least attempt to engross Miss Devereux's attention, or to pay court to her in any way.

She says, indeed, that this would be difficult to accomplish, as the young lady is very shy, and never goes near him if she can help it, and seems to shudder even at the touch of his hand or the sight of his face. Carter roundly asserts that the girl hates him. She volunteers to place proofs in my hands before long to verify her statement.

Vere Mannesty is a constant visitor at Alton Edge, and the lovers seem to be having halcyon days. Marcus must be more circumspect and discreet than I should have judged probable from my knowledge of his character.

He is evidently attracting no attention, and keeping his feelings altogether in the background. He is very wise in this.

He will have rather a difficult part to play later on, and his plan now is certainly to disarm suspicion.

August 27.—Marcus has spoken. He has opened his heart to me at last, as I always hoped he would do. He loves that girl—loves her wildly and vehemently. He is determined, at all costs, to win her; when he speaks in that low, fierce, vibrating tone of his, I know well that nothing will conquer him.

He told me all this evening, and then I had a few questions to ask on my side.

"What is to be done about this other engagement?"

"It must be broken off!" he answered impatiently.

"It is a pity you ever gave your sanction to the engagement at all in the first place."

His eyes gleamed fiercely from under his lowered brows.

"Shall I tell you why I consented so readily? When Trevor Lovelace's letter came I was just meditating a felony. I am not squeamish in my ideas, as you know; but the first step towards deliberate crime is not altogether smooth and easy. That letter seemed to give me the chance of saving myself. I gave my consent readily, eagerly. I will not say I did not afterwards call myself a fool for my pains."

"I do not understand you in the least, Marcus," I said.

"No? Then I can easily explain," he replied. "I wanted money desperately, as you know. I had none of my own. I had just begun to consider the advisability of plundering my ward. I am, as you know, sole trustee. It could easily be done. I was tempted; but theft is not a form of evil-doing that appeals to me per se. I wished the idea had never entered my head!"

"You did not think of compromising matters by marrying her?" I asked.

"No, madam, I did not!" he answered, with a good deal of needless significance. "If you can remember events so far back you may recollect that my first essay in matrimony was not such a marked success as to lead me to enter the lists a second time. No, I did not think of marrying the girl; and when I heard that Vere Mannesty did, I was exceedingly glad to encourage the match. There was nothing against him—nothing against the marriage. Her affairs would have to be arranged, and settlements drawn up; and when all this was done my power over her money would be either greatly diminished or possibly altogether gone, and I should be saved from running the risk of a convict's cell. At that moment an unusually virtuous fit was upon me, and I acted under its influence. I was glad to be rid of temptation, and I caught at the easiest means of putting the prize beyond my reach."

"And now?"

"Now I have seen the girl, and I love her. That changes all. Vere Mannesty shall never marry Christabel Devereux! I will marry her myself!"

"Do you mean to win her love, Marcus? Is it the hand or the heart you are pledged to win?"

"Both," he answered impetuously. "The hand, if need be, I will take by force. When she is mine—my very own for ever—I will soon make her love me! Ah, yes, she shall love me—she shall—she shall!"

He was much moved and excited; he pushed back his chair, and strode up and down the room. I could see how fiercely the fever burned within him.

"Have you formed any plan?" I asked.

"No," he answered rather curtly. "Plans are more in your line than mine. We will talk all that over later. For the present, let things run as they will. We must not be precipitate; we must act with caution."

"I will think the matter over, and see what can be done. A young girl can soon be conquered. We ought not to find much difficulty in that."

"There are her friends to think of too," answered Marcus. Then he added, with a grim smile—"Christabel will not give us much trouble; she will soon be conquered through her fears."

September 7th.—Carter came home quite unexpectedly. Miss Devereux absolutely declined her further services, and literally turned her out of the house.

She found Carter reading Vere Mannesty's love-letters. It was absurd of the woman to allow herself to be caught, but she says the girl came upon her like a cat, when she should have been at dinner. She tells me the letters contain ample proof that Marcus is no favorite either with the lovers or the Lovelaces. Never mind; he has the power over her, and he can afford to forego the rest.

I have had a long talk with Carter. She will be very useful to us; and she cherishes an intense hatred against the girl who has insulted her.

NARRATIVE BY VERE MANNESTY.

I sometimes ask myself when it was that I first learned to love Christabel Devereux; but I can never answer that question. It seems to me that I have loved her ever since my early boyhood.

I remember well the first time I saw her, sitting beside Miss Beverley in the pew at church, a lovely fragile child of six her beautiful dark eyes full of wistful wonderment, and her soft brown hair framing the sweet and little face. I was a lad of twelve at the time, and I could not keep my eyes away from the fairy-like apparition.

When I learned from my old nurse that the little girl in black had lost both her parents in the West Indies, and was going to live at Miss Beverley's till she grew up, my heart was filled with an honest boyish compassion for the little orphan, and I wished that my mother would adopt her and bring her up as my sister.

When however I proposed this scheme to Bridget, she shook her head, and did not think it would answer; and as I had learned by experience that her advice was generally sound, I submitted and put the project aside.

"I'll tell you what though, Bridget," I said, brightening up at the new idea. "I can wait until I am a man, and then I can marry her! In six years I shall be eighteen—all the princes in the story-books marry when they're eighteen."

Bridget smiled upon the marriage project, and was the recipient of many boyish raptures on the subject of "my little princess," in whom I now took a very keen interest. I thought she grew prettier every week, and I was more and more determined to carry out my second plan.

I took no one but Bridget into my confidence. I knew perfectly well that my mother would entirely disapprove of my displaying any interest in Miss Beverley's pupils, and indeed I was half ashamed myself of my romantic attachment to my little dark-eyed princess; but I could not conquer, although I could hide it, and as years passed by it still exercised over me a certain fascination, although there were times in my life when I smiled at myself, and felt tolerably certain that nothing would ever come of it.

I was sent to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford.

I then spent some years in foreign travel; and when I came home I knew that the great wish of my parents' hearts was to see me suitably married, and to give up to my use a part of the Manor House, where my own independent household could be set up, whilst they lived on beneath the same roof, enjoying a peaceful old age in close proximity to the son they had always loved so greatly beyond his deserts.

I was ready and willing enough to please my parents if I could.

I should have been an ungrateful good-for-nothing if I had not wished to do so.

I spent a whole winter in visiting different friends who were all anxious to provide me with a wife, and I did my utmost to fall in love with the many pretty, dashing, or clever girls to whom I was introduced; but, try as I would, I could not manage it.

I was obliged to give up the attempt at last, and go home and tell my mother that I feared I was confirmed bachelor at five-and-twenty.

She smiled at that, and quietly said that the right woman would make her appearance in time, and that I was quite right not to marry unless I could truly love.

On Sunday I went, of course to church. It was a clear bright day day in February. The sun was shining through the stained glass window, as I think it only does shine in an English church, and its mellow light fell upon a girlish face and figure that I recognised with a rush of mingled feelings that surprised me not a little. It was my "princess."

There she was in the old place beside the prim and angular schoolmistress, but had grown from the girl into the woman, idealised, spiritualised—I do not know how to express it.

Although retaining every characteristic that I had known for years, she was changed in an indescribable way into a vision of perfect beauty.

At the close of the service my mind was made up. I knew that there was the woman I could love, and whom I would make my wife if it were possible. Without speaking a word to my mother, I would find out all about her—her parentage, her antecedents, her friends. If my inquiries elicited favorable facts, I would take my mother into my confidence, and try to win her over to my side. If, on the other hand, I discovered anything that would make the match a cause of sorrow to my parents, I would try to conquer and live down this inexplicable love.

My fortitude however was not destined to be put to the proof. The information elicited by my inquiries was of the most satisfactory kind.

Colonel Devereux, her father, came of a very good old family, of which he was the last representative, and her mother's family was equally irreproachable, although all her relations upon that side lived in America and the West Indies, and had lost sight of their young kinswoman during her long residence in England.

She was an only child, and had inherited a fortune of some kind, into the details of which I did not inquire. My parents might perhaps be better satisfied by the knowledge that she was not portionless; but I confess I was at that time sufficiently unpractical and in love to feel very indifferent on a point of that kind.

The most curious part of the whole matter however lay in the discovery that Marcus Basset was her guardian. When I heard that news I was not over pleased. I had never liked Basset, either at home or abroad when I had met him from time to time; and in spite of all Trevor Lovelace could say, the feeling against him at the time of his wife's death had, in my opinion, not been needlessly strong, although, of course, it all happened long before I was old enough to remember it.

However, there had never been any ill-blood between Basset and me, and I saw no reason why he should object to my marrying his ward; but of course it was useless to talk of marriage until I had made the acquaintance of the young lady, and had tried to win her. How was this to be accomplished?

I now took my mother into my confidence. She heard my story, and was quite satisfied with the credentials I produced. I was amused and pleased to find that she too had been won and fascinated by the beauty and peculiar charm of the girl who had been for so long a neighbor of ours, and she gave me an amount of sympathy and support beyond my most sanguine anticipations.

Just at this time Christabel—I soon began to call her by this name in my thoughts—fell ill of diphtheria, which that spring attacked the whole school.

It was a great trial to my patience; but it certainly afforded us an excellent opportunity for carrying out our plan without appearing unduly prominent in the matter.

I made another confidante at that juncture of our good cousin, Winifred Lovelace, who had spoilt me ever since my childhood, and looked upon me almost as a son of her own. She took up my cause at once, and had a plan ready in a moment.

Trevor should write to Basset, telling him of the girl's illness, and of the necessity for providing change of air and scene upon her recovery.

He should casually hint at his own willingness to attend to the matter for his cousin, and as Mrs. Basset was such a peculiarly disagreeable old woman, this offer would most likely be accepted.

I will pass over the time that elapsed between the despatch of this letter and the arrival of an answer favorable to our project.

It was a period of considerable anxiety to me, for Christabel was very ill for many weeks, and here recovery was slow; but by the time we had received our answer she was fit to be moved, and the doctor was urgent that she should leave a house the defective sanitary arrangements of which had been the cause of her illness.

My mother now took the lead. She called upon Miss Beverley, made all necessary arrangements without exciting the slightest suspicion or alarm in the bosom of that paragon of virtue, and within a week Christabel had come to the Manor House, and had won all the hearts by her sweetness and gentleness, which were as great as her beauty.

I did not quite like the idea of the Bassets having sent a maid of their own choosing to wait upon the girl here. It gave me an uncomfortable feeling that they wished to keep an eye upon her, and to know all that went on. The reason of this I could not divine, for Basset had not taken the least interest in his ward—had not visited her even when he had been in the neighborhood; nor had his mother been more attentive. It was impossible that she should entertain any ideas of his own with regard to Christabel—he would hardly have consented so negligently to Trevor's plans if he had—so I was slightly at a loss to account for the woman's presence, and I did not altogether like it. However, my mother considered it the wisest plan to accept Carter as a necessary evil.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Chung Lee, a Chinese laundryman, of Albany, Ga., has received warning from the colored washer-women that he must leave the city at once. A year ago they drove a couple of Chinese laundrymen out of the city by force. The Chinaman says he will go.

Bric-a-Brac.

HALCYON DAYS.—Is there anywhere a sweeter legend than that of the Halcyons, or King-fishers, the birds who love each other so tenderly that when the male becomes enfeebled by age, his mate carries him on her outspread wings whithersoever he wills; and the gods desiring to reward such faithful love causes the sun to shine more kindly, and still the winds and waves on the "Halcyon Days" during which these birds are building their nests and brooding over their young.

THE TUNE.—In Scotland and the North of Ireland the saying of "the tune that the cow died of" is very common in the mouths of the peasantry, though all who use it may not understand its origin. It arose out of an old song:

"There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune—
Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow—
Consider, good cow, consider."

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy tune or song is uttered, the north country people say, "That is the tune the cow died of.

WHAT IS A MILLION YEARS?—The following is one way of conveying to the mind some idea of what a million years really is. Take a narrow slip of paper, an inch broad or more, and eighty-three feet four inches in length, and stretch it along the wall of a large hall, or around the walls of an apartment somewhat of twenty feet square. Recall as many years as you can remember, and then multipy them in imagination by any necessary number so as to go get something like an adequate conception of what a period of a hundred years is. Then mark off from one of the ends of the strip one-tenth of an inch. The one-tenth of the inch will then represent one hundred years, and the entire length of the strip a million of years. It is well worth making this experiment just in order to feel the striking impression that it produces on the mind.

WHERE THE TOM-TIT BUILDS.—Birds are known to be clever builders of their little homes, but among birds the tit shows perhaps the most skill in placing his nest in out-of-the-way spots. This tiny fellow turns every nook and cranny to account for a lodging. A pair of tits once squatted in a letter-box, and were greatly distressed by the letters which the postman dropped into their dwelling, and which letters the little rogues coolly removed and threw over a hedge. It is said the nest of a tit has been found on the shelf of a cupboard in a gamekeeper's hut. The scarecrow has no terrors for the tit, which will calmly use it for nesting purposes, and he will not object to employ in a similar way a bottle hanging upside down in a tree to drain. A hole with an entrance as narrow as a man's finger will still be suitable enough for the tit's nest. Nor would he hesitate to build in the spout of an old pump if no better opportunity presented itself.

TRIAL OF RATS.—In the Ecclesiastical courts (from 1120 to 1740) trials of wild animals and vermin were common in France, Italy, Germany, Spain, and Switzerland, the proceedings being as follows: The complaint was made; experts were thereupon appointed to appraise the damage done; an advocate was appointed to defend the pests, and on being cited three times with failure to appear, judgment was given in default. Chassanee, the celebrated French jurist, was, in 1445, in the diocese of Autun, France, appointed to defend some rats, and won his case in this way: In answer to the first citation, he argued that the summons was too local, and carried his point. In answer to the second citation, he gained an extension of time, owing to the magnitude of preparation necessary. In answer to the third summons, he said that his clients, the defendants, were intimidated by evil-disposed cats belonging to the plaintiffs, and insisted that the latter should be placed under heavy bonds for the good behavior of their cats. This they refused to do on order of the court, and the famous "Trial of Rats" was won.

AFTER LIVING happily for something like a half a century, a colored man in Georgia has had a spat with his wife over the division of property, and a divorce promises to be one of the results. He lacks but a single year of being nonogenarian. She is in her 77th year.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

BY M. M.

This earth-born life, how changeful!
The shadows come and go!
To-day we're lured by pleasure's smile—
To-morrow racked by woe.

There is a brighter, sunnier clime
Beyond time's fleeting shore;
A misty veil shuts out the light,
Yet death will ope the door.

Our vision is on earth obscured
From fadeless scenes so bright;
We cannot raise the veil between
The darkness and the light.

Yet still we know when earth-life ends
A home of bliss is given
To those who struggle e'er to win
A fadeless crown in heaven.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

HE got out and rang the bell, and the door was opened almost instantly.

"Mabel! Is that you?" exclaimed Paul's voice, and he darted out and seized her arm. "Oh, Mabel, Mabel! Where have you been? I have been almost mad with fright!"

"Good gracious me, Miss Howard!" said a voice behind him, and Mrs. Barker, clad in a shawl, which covered her head, and, no doubt, a nightcap also, came out on the steps. Then they both stared at Lord Clarence.

"Is it all right, Mrs. Barker? Don't be frightened, Paul, dear!" murmured Iris, and she put her arm round his neck. "Paul, this is an old friend of mine,—Lord Montacute! Lord Clarence, this is Paul Foster, the composer, my very, very dear friend!"

Clarence held out his hand and grasped Paul's tiny fist heartily.

"Miss Knighton—— Miss Howard's friends are mine, I hope," he said fervently.

Then he said in an undertone, "You will let me come to-morrow?"

"Yes," said Iris. "Come and hear Paul play, Lord Clarence."

Clarence took her hand and held it a moment, then raised his hat and leapt into the cab.

Mrs. Barker had been watching them from behind the door in amazement.

Lord Montacute! Miss Howard alone with a gentleman at this time of night! For the first time Mrs. Barker felt alarmed and ill at ease.

All unconscious of the impression she had created, Iris turned to her as she closed the door, and said:

"Mrs. Barker, I have been in great trouble, and Heaven knows where it would have ended but for the gentleman you have just seen! He is an old friend of mine—and—" her voice faltered—"my father's."

Mrs. Barker looked at her keenly, then her brow lightened.

Suspicions died an instantaneous death under the gaze of Iris's pure eyes.

Lord Clarence drove back to the Midnight Club, his brain on fire; his joy at finding Iris tempered by the indignation with which he was filled at the insult that had been offered her.

The concert was over when he reached the club, but there were still a great many persons in the large room, and these were standing about in groups, discussing the scene that had just taken place.

Never since the club had opened had there been such a dramatic incident within its walls.

"Well, Rallsford, I think I have kept my word," said the duke, when Lord Clarence had disappeared with Iris.

"Yes, duke," said Lord Rallsford gravely, and with a look in his honest eyes that was not very flattering to his grace. "You have won, and here is your money, but I think, if I were in your place, I would rather have lost!"

The duke grinned.

"Rather late in the day to turn moralist, isn't it, Rallsford?" he retorted, with a sneer. "After all, it was a harmless bit of fun."

"Harmless!" said Lord Rallsford, raising his eyebrows. "Do you think this will do Miss Howard no harm? There are half-a-dozen newspaper men in the room. Do you think the story will not be in every paper in London to-morrow morning?"

The duke shrugged his shoulders.

"A capital advertisement for her," he said laughing. "My dear Rallsford, these sort of people delight in notoriety, and you and I have given Miss Howard a new lease of popularity."

"I beg your grace's pardon," said Rallsford, slowly and intently; "I had no share in entrapping Miss Howard, and I will call any man who says so to account."

"Tut, tut, my dear fellow!" said the duke; "you are making a mountain of a mole-hill," and pocketing the notes he looked round the room for his accomplice, but the signor was nowhere to be seen.

He had not gone far, however, for the duke found him waiting in a corner of the stairs.

There was a livid mark across his face, which he endeavored to conceal with his handkerchief, and the duke barely suppressed a grin as he said:

"Oh, here you are, my friend! Well, you did your work very nicely, and here is your money."

Ricardo grabbed the notes which the duke extended, without a word, unless a snarl could be described as one.

"And now you have got it," said the duke carelessly, "I should recommend you to make yourself scarce! Lord Montacute hits straight, I imagine!"

Ricardo showed his fangs furiously.

"I will have satisfaction! I will have ——" he panted, with the impotent rage of a wild beast.

The duke smiled.

"Take my advice, and rest satisfied with what you have got," he said, wrinkling up his face with malicious amusement. "I should not be surprised if Lord Montacute is desirous of interviewing you, my dear friend! You had better make a graceful retreat."

The signor mopped his bleeding and swollen lip with his handkerchief.

"I will be quits with him and her!" he muttered. "He shall pay dearly for the blow!"

The duke shrugged his shoulders.

"That's your business, my dear sir," he said with haughty contempt, "meanwhile I should go home and bathe my face," and as the signor stole stealthily down the stairs the duke returned to the room to gloat over his victory.

He was sitting drinking champagne with half-a-dozen of the least reputable members of the club, when Lord Clarence re-entered.

He was very pale, but there was a look of stern determination on his fair face which grew hard and set as he made his way up to the table at which the ducal party was sitting.

"May I ask your grace to give me a few minutes?" he said.

The duke, who had taken quite enough wine, paused and looked up at him haughtily."

"For what purpose?" he asked.

"I have to demand an explanation of your grace," said Clarence.

The duke laughed.

"Oh, I'm not in the humor for explanations, Lord Montacute," he said. "Some other time."

"No other time than this will satisfy me," said Clarence, an ominous light glowing in his eyes.

The duke swore.

"My dear fellow, don't make a scene; one's enough for one night. If it's this business of Miss Howard's, I'm sick of it. Pray let us drop it."

"You consider that you are at liberty to insult a lady and refuse reparation, your grace?" said Clarence. "That is not my opinion."

"Your opinion!" retorted the duke. "Who cares for your opinion? Certainly I do not! What is it you want? Go to her friend, the Italian gentleman, who managed the affair, and don't worry me about it!"

"Yes, I will go to him directly," said Clarence between his teeth; "at present my business is with your grace. Do I understand that you refuse an apology to Miss Howard?"

Lord Rallsford and several others had gathered near, and were looking on and listening in attentive silence.

"You may understand what you please," said the duke. "Most certainly I decline to apologize to her—or to you who appear to be even a more intimate friend than the Italian fellow!"

The sneer had scarcely curved his lips before Clarence had seized the wineglass at his elbow, and dashed the contents into his face.

The duke sprang to his feet; there was a moment of silent consternation, then the uproar began.

With an oath the duke sprang forward, but a couple of men seized his arms, while Lord Rallsford laid his hand on Clarence's shoulder.

"This is not the place!" he said, in a loud voice. "This is not the place for a settlement. Silence, gentlemen!"

The duke—white, almost livid—wiped the wine from his face.

"No!" he said. "You are right. This business cannot be settled here. I call you all to witness that Lord Montacute has grossly insulted me!"

"And I call you to witness that I did not do so until the Duke of Rosedale had distinctly refused to apologize to a lady whom he had still more grossly insulted!" said Clarence, grimly, his eyes flashing, his lips quivering passionately. "His grace has my address; I shall await any communication he may desire to make!" and raising his hat he strode from the club.

Iris had been speedily avenged!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE evening sun shone redly through the open windows of the drawing-room at the Revels, and its crimson rays fell upon the fair face of Lillian Foyle, and turned her golden hair to a rich bronze.

She was lying on a couch near the window, a magnificent bouquet of flowers close at her elbow, books scattered about her feet, and a guitar lying beside her.

As she lay back in graceful indolence, she looked out, with half-closed eyes, upon the beautiful flower gardens and velvety lawns, the wide-stretching meadows, and the elm-dotted park, which lay like a scene in a play before her.

A fortnight had passed since she was unfortunate—or fortunate—enough to slip upon the rocks midway in the Knighton stream, and Lord Foyle and she were still at the Revels.

Her foot was nearly well,—quite well, she declared,—though she was still carried to and from her room in an invalid chair, and Lord Foyle had, more than once, offered to take her back to the Priory, but Lord Heron had insisted upon her remaining until she was quite recovered, and she was still there.

Not only at the Revels, but occupying the rooms which were once Iris's, and seeming to reign in her place!

At first Lord Heron's soul had risen in revolt at the thought, and a pang had shot through him the first time she had seated herself at the piano on which Iris had so often played; but use accustoms us to all things, and he had grown, if not callous, at any rate able to bear it without wincing palpably.

He had been so solitary, so lonely, that at the beginning of their stay even Lord Foyle's presence jarred upon him; but after a few days he grew to acknowledge that Lord Foyle was not by any means a disagreeable companion.

His lordship was, in a word, a thoroughly accomplished man of the world, and knowing fully that Lord Heron was not in the mood for company, had not intruded himself.

For the first few days Lord Heron and he scarcely met, excepting at meal times. Lord Heron wandered about the woods, or walked and smoked in the walled garden beside the dial, and as before said Lord Foyle carefully kept out of his way.

But presently Lord Heron, feeling that he was playing the host in rather an ungracious fashion, crept out of his shell and went for rides and drives with Lord Foyle; and when Lady Lilian was well enough to be carried downstairs, Lord Heron, though he had not altogether emerged from his hermit's shell, was more approachable than he had been.

If Lord Foyle was clever his daughter was far cleverer.

"Papa says that you insist upon our remaining a burden to you until my tiresome foot gets quite well!" she said, looking up at him as he leant over her couch the first evening of her reappearance. "Is that so?"

"Certainly it is 'so,'" he said in his quiet, grave way. "May I hope that you will deign to stay?"

"I will on one condition," she said very sternly.

"And that?"

"Is that you will not go out of your way for us. You are not to move a hair's breadth from your usual habits because we have been cast like a burden upon you," she said impressively. "You are to go on just as you would do if we were not here. Is that a bargain, Lord Heron? If it is not then I shall ask you to send for the carriage and let me be taken back to the Priory this very evening."

"It is a bargain," he said quietly.

Sometimes he did not appear at breakfast or luncheon, and Lady Lilian learnt afterwards that he was wandering about the woods, or had gone out upon his horse, and would return none knew when; but these absences did not depress or discourage her.

"Give him time, papa," she murmured to Lord Foyle. "Don't you see that he is coming round gradually?"

And, indeed, it seemed as if she were right, for after the first week Lord Heron appeared at all the meals, and spent his evenings in the drawing-room, instead of pacing up and down the library or walking in the woods.

And yet he was not inconstant or faithless.

Not an hour of the day but Iris's image rose before him and her voice echoed in his heart.

If Lady Lilian had attempted to flirt with him or attract his attention he would have fled from the Revels there and then; but she was too clever to do anything of the kind.

She scarcely spoke to him unless he first addressed her; and, in a word, she left him alone.

On this evening, the fourteenth since her accident, she lay back looking out at the park and reviewing her position. In a few days, six or seven at latest, she must leave the Revels, and as yet she was little or no nearer attaining the object she had avowed to her father.

Lord Heron was kind and attentive, but that was all. No host could have played his part more graciously and charmingly than he did, but it was a "part" he was playing, and there was no warmth of reality in it.

She must go, and the chance—the grand chance—would be lost for ever!

A shadow seemed to sweep across her fair brow, and her lips closed tightly with fierce impatience; but as the door opened, and Lord Heron's step crossed the room; her face cleared, and she looked round at him with a soft, childlike smile.

He was in evening dress, for dinner was just over, and she had been carried into the drawing room, leaving him and her father to the half bottle of claret which has now taken the place of the old port which our grandfathers used to consume with the dessert, and as he approached her, and her eyes rested upon his tall, stalwart figure and noble face, a sudden warmth glowed at her heart. It would be hard to go away and leave him still unwon.

And he, as he drew near to her, could not withhold his meed of admiration for the beautiful face, and the graceful form, clad in the daintiest of summer dresses and stretched upon the furs with which the couch had been covered.

"Where is papa?" she said. "I was half asleep."

"He craves permission to smoke one last cigar," he said, seating himself beside her, and looking at her with his grave, kindly smile.

She made a *moue*.

"Papa is an incorrigible smoker," she said; "it is his one bad habit, unless he counts his love for *baccarat* and *ecarte*. What is your bad habit, Lord Heron? or haven't you any? If you have, you concealed it from me with wonderful art."

"I have so many," he said absently, his eyes fixed on the sunset.

"I know of only one," she said softly.

"And what is that?" he said, turning his eyes upon her with a smile.

Her gaze dropped, and she toyed with the fringe of the Indian shawl which they had thrown over her.

"Am I to answer truthfully?"

"Certainly," he said.

"Isn't it a bad habit to dwell too much and too constantly on the past, Lord Heron?"

He smiled thoughtfully.

"Some of us live only in the past," he said in a low voice.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"That is the speech of an old man whose forehead is wrinkled with care, and whose locks are white with trouble!"

"Sometimes I think that my brow is wrinkled and I am convinced that my hair is white," he said.

She did not laugh, but sighed.

"Some of us hide our sorrows," she murmured plaintively.

"You mean that I do not?" he said quickly. "And yet I try to!" he added almost to himself.

A footman entered with the tea and gently placed it on the small table near her.

She raised herself on her elbow and poured him out a cup.

"I think you ought to be the happiest of men," she said, "and yet——"

"Count no man happy till he dies!" said Lord Heron with knit brows. "We all have our sorrows, Lady Lilian, even those of us who are counted by the world as the most fortunate ones."

"I know," she said with a sigh; then after a moment or two of silence she said, "Will you help me to the piano, Lord Heron?"

He rose and gave her his arm, and slipping her right hand through it she leant her left upon it.

"It is ridiculous how shaky I feel still," she said with a little laugh.

"You are a long way from recovery yet," he said.

She shook her head.

"Oh, I am nearly well, Lord Heron. I told papa this morning that this must be our last week at the Revels!" and she seemed to stifle a sigh.

Lord Heron felt a vague sense of regret.

"Is that so?" he said. "Then I have only seven days between me and solitude!"

She did not speak, but seated herself at the piano and began to sing.

He went to the window, and leaning against the frame, looked at her thoughtfully.

She had a pleasant voice, not very powerful but very sweet, and most carefully cultivated.

It was nice to lean there and listen to her; and in a week she would be gone, and he would be left alone to go back to his old life of solitary moodiness.

He sighed unconsciously, and stepping out on to the terrace, began to pace up and down.

Presently the music ceased, and, awaking with a start, he went back.

"I am trying to get back alone," she said, as she raised her face with a laugh, and stood holding on to the back of a chair.

"Pray don't be reckless," he said, advancing to her quickly, and he took her arm and drew it within his.

She resigned herself with a little sigh.

"Thanks," she murmured; "but it is time that I learned to do without your kind aid. In a few days I shall have to do without it, you know."

He made no response, but led her gently back to the couch, spread the tiger-skin afresh for her, and arranged the shawl comfortably.

"That is the worst of such kindness as yours, Lord Heron," she said smiling up at him; "one misses it so much when the time comes to lose it!"

"The time is of your own fixing," he said gravely. "Why should you be in such a hurry to leave the Revels?"

"Do you call a fortnight a hurry?" she said with a soft little laugh; "and do you think I am not sorry to go? But there is a limit even to your good-nature and forbearance, I should think!"

"If there be, you have not reached it," he said in his grave fashion.

A footman entered at the moment, and laid some letters and papers on the table.

"These are for you," she said, sorting the letters, "and the papers are for me. I'll be bound my papers are the most entertaining."

"I daresay," he said, tossing the letters on to the side table.

"The 'Glass of Fashion,'" she said, opening one of the papers. "Now I can tell you all the London news."

"London and I have not much in common," he said moodily.

"I hate it!" she murmured sympathetically. "The movements of the Royal

Family.' I am afraid that will not interest you much. 'The scene at the Midnight Club.' Shall I read that?"

"Thanks!" he said. "If it will not tire you."

"Not in the least," she said, and she commenced the article.

Lord Heron scarcely listened. He leant against the window and looked down at the beautiful girl with a dreamy contemplation.

She was very beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and she was as gentle and good as beautiful.

He had misjudged her when he had thought her only a butterfly of fashion. In a week she would be gone, and the Revels would relapse into its old, gloomy dreariness!

Would it not be wise to persuade her to prolong her stay? While she was here to talk and laugh and sing, he would not be eternally thinking of Iris and the happiness he had lost.

Yes, he would ask Lord Foyle to remain for a fortnight—a month. Suddenly some word of the article she was reading struck him, and he started.

"I beg your pardon; what was that?" he said.

She looked up from the paper with a soft laugh.

"I don't believe you have been listening to a word!" she said rebukingly. "It's all about a scene at the Midnight Club. Do you know it?"

"Yes; I was—am—a member," he said absently.

"Well, it seems that the Duke of Rosedale—they call him a well-known duke here; they don't give his name, of course—made a bet that he would get Miss Mabel Howard to sing at the concert there."

"Who is Miss Mabel Howard?" he said.

Lady Lilian laughed again.

"Not heard of her!" she said. "Why, the papers have been full of her for weeks past. She is the last sensation. She is an actress at the Lyric. Nobody knows anything about her, but she has taken London by storm, and is quite the most raved about person of the day."

"I see," he said indifferently; "but what about her? Did she appear at the concert?"

"Yes," said Lady Lilian. "She appeared; but, according to the 'Glass of Fashion,' she appeared, and that was all. No sooner had she got inside the door than she declared that she had been entrapped into going there, and there was quite a scene."

"Indeed!" he said indifferently.

"Yes, but that is not all. It seems that in the middle of the confusion caused by her indignant protestations—all 'theatre,' I expect—a certain gentleman—they give his name in full: Lord Clarence Montacute—made his appearance on the scene, and exclaiming 'Iris!'——"

Lord Heron started and the blood rushed to his face.

"What name did you say?" he said.

Lady Lilian took up the paper and read from it.

"Lord Montacute addressed Miss Howard as 'Iris,'" she said.

Lord Heron moved behind the couch and caught at a chair and grasped it very tightly.

"Go on," he said.

"Oh, there is not much more," said Lady Lilian. "It appears that Lord Montacute rescued the fair Miss Howard from the clutches of the Midnight Club and bore her off in triumph. He returned half-an hour afterwards and threw a glass of wine in the duke's face, they say. Do you believe that's true?"

"I—I don't know," he said, trying to speak calmly, but his own voice rang in his ears like bells jangled. "What next?"

"Oh, the article winds up by stating that Miss Howard—or 'Iris'—was, or is, engaged to Lord Montacute, and that when they are married, which they are to be directly, Montacute intends to 'call out' the duke. But that is nonsense, isn't it? You gentlemen don't fight duels now-a-days, do you?"

"No!" he said hoarsely, and scarcely knowing what he said. "No, we do not fight duels now."

"Of course not!" she went on, still looking at the paper, and so not noticing his altered voice. "It says here, further down the column, that the duke has taken no proceedings against Lord Montacute, and that he has voluntarily declared that Miss Howard is entirely free from all blame in the matter. By the way, is this the Lord Montacute who lives near here?"

"Yes," said Lord Heron, concisely.

A wild rage flamed up in his heart, not against Iris, but against Fate! He had lost her, he who loved her so passionately, and Lord Clarence had won her! He had lost her for ever!

He knew now why she had told him that she did not love him. It was Clarence Montacute whom she loved, and they were to be married!

The scene through the open window grew misty, his brain seemed to reel, and Lady Lilian's voice smote upon his ear as if she had spoken from a spot miles away.

"What nonsense it seems," she said, "with what trivial things we butterflies of fashion amuse ourselves. And to think that in a week—a week!—I shall be back to London and be glad of even such a small amusement as this Miss Howard scandal! Only a week!" and she sighed.

The sigh was wafted to his ears, and with a start he returned to consciousness of the present.

"A week," he said wildly, confusedly. "Why should you go so soon? Why should you go at all, unless"—he must have been mad!—"unless it is to come back and remain at the Revels?"

Lady Lilian's face went pale, and she turned on her elbow and looked up at him.

His face was white, his eyes wild and furious with some hidden pain.

"Lord Heron!" she murmured.

He put his hand to his brow with a quick, weary gesture, then, bending over her, said:

"Yes! Come back to the Revels as its mistress, Lady Lilian! Come back as its mistress and—my wife!"

Her face paled and her eyes glittered. It had come—this which she had hoped and plotted for—so suddenly that it startled her.

"Your—your wife!" she breathed.

"Yes," he said hurriedly. "Be my wife! Lady Lilian, we—you and I—have both seen too much of life to talk of love and passion; we are both world-wise and—I, at any rate—world weary. But I think we could make each other happy. Will you make the venture?"

She leaned back and looked at him. In very truth she could scarcely believe her ears.

Only a few minutes ago, and he had been so preoccupied that he had hardly seemed to be listening to her; and now,—yes, he had actually proposed!

"Can you not give me answer?" he said gently, courteously. "Have I seemed too abrupt and rash? Lilian, if I do not offer you a passionate love, it is because I do not think I am capable of any such feeling; but if you will be my wife, I will do all a man can do to make you happy."

She had regained her self-possession, had realized all that his words meant by this time, and knowing him well enough to be aware that any show of sentiment would be distasteful, she simply extended her hand and murmured softly:

"Yes!—if you wish it."

He raised the hand to his lips, then held it in his strong one as he stood looking down at her.

The die was cast now, and he had set up a barrier between him and Iris which only death could cast down.

But what did it matter?—what did anything matter?

Iris was to be married to Lord Montacute, and, after that, what became of him, Lord Heron, was of little consequence!

"How grave you look—Heron," murmured Lady Lilian in a low voice. "Are you sure that you have done wisely?—are you sure that I can make you happy?"

"Sure,—quite sure!" he said; but, even as he spoke, the words seemed to mock him.

She drew his hand, which held hers, and pressed it against her soft, warm cheek.

"And you have made me happy already!" she said in a low voice. "Heron, did you ever guess my secret?"

"Your secret!" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes" she said: "my secret, Heron. It is the old, old one! Will you think me too bold for telling you, Heron? You shall share my secret now; I have loved you for a long time, Heron!"

She said it most charmingly, and he would have been less than man if his pulses had not stirred under the music of her words and the beauty of her face.

"Would to Heaven I were more worthy of you, dear Lilian!" he murmured, and he bent and touched her forehead with his lips.

Lady Lilian put up her arms and wound them round his neck, and drawing his face down, pressed her lips to his, then with her face dyed scarlet, pushed him gently from her.

It has been said that the window was open, and if they had not been so much engaged, both, or at any rate Lady Lilian, might have caught sight of Signor Ricardo, who barely troubling to conceal himself, stood just outside contemplating the picture then made with glittering eyes and a cynical smile.

The signor had taken his grace's advice and had left London on the morning following the scene at the Midnight.

Something seemed to convince him—perhaps it was the scar on his face and his cut and bruised lips—that it would not be safe now Lord Clarence had arrived on the scene to attempt any further blackmailing of Iris, and, like a skilful tactician, the signor turned his attention to his grand coup.

Having dressed himself with the greatest care, and sewed his bank-notes inside his waistband, he took the train for Knighton, intending to present himself boldly before Lord Heron, and put his little plot into execution.

But as he walked along the drive he caught sight of Lady Lilian lying by the window, and being curious to ascertain whom she might be, he stole gently along the terrace, and reached the window in time to hear Lord Heron's proposal.

The signor was an intelligent scoundrel, and what he had heard "gave him pause," as Hamlet says.

With the cynical smile still playing on his damaged lips, he stole down the terrace and into the park, and seating himself under a tree, lighted a cigarette, and reviewed the situation.

"Let us see, Baptiste," he murmured. "Fortune—which never deserts thee, my child, for long,—has favored thee, by a happy chance, with a little early information! The Lord Coverdale is going to be married! You have just assisted at the 'declaration.' Sohl It is lucky you did not present yourself to his lordship, for you can do better, my dear Baptiste. Much better! That lady with the blue eyes and the yellow hair was not only lovely, but—yes—clever! I think we know a clever woman when we see her, eh, my Baptiste! She will be my Lord Coverdale's wife, mistress of Knighton and Beverley. Yes! And I think, Baptiste, my child, that clever young lady with the beautiful blue eyes, that are as sharp as a hawk's for all their prettiness, would give more for that little piece of parchment under the sundial than Lord Coverdale would. At any rate, Baptiste, you would rather deal with women than men, eh?" And, as he gingerly stroked his smarting lips, he muttered emphatically, "Saints and angels, yes! So we will do business with the young lady, and leave Lord Coverdale alone! Ah! Miss Iris—Miss Mabel Howard, or whatever you please to call yourself—you will pay dearly for the blow your friend dealt poor Baptiste! Who knows but that he might have restored you to this beautiful place, over which you once were queen. But not now! No, no! you shall never reign here again if Baptiste Ricardo and that young lady with the yellow hair can prevent it!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ALL London knew about the fracas at the Midnight Club before Iris awoke next morning, and at many a breakfast-table the deception that had been practiced on Miss Mabel Howard, by which she was induced to appear at the smoking concert, was discussed with fitting excitement.

A general feeling of indignation was the result, and sympathy with the young girl who had achieved celebrity, and yet maintained her dignity and retained her reputation spotless.

Some of the papers went so far as to hint that the Duke of Rosedale should be made amenable to the law, and all agreed in condemning the heartless trick by which Miss Howard's character had been endangered.

In theatrical circles the feeling on her behalf was very strong indeed, and the famous tragedian who stood at the head of the profession gave orders that if the Duke of Rosedale applied for a box at the theatre over which the tragedian presided, his grace should be informed that no box was disengaged.

There was little else talked of at the clubs that morning, and Mr. Stapleson found the demand for seats at the Lyric for that evening greater than ever.

He himself was perfectly enraged, and declared that if the the duke, or the nameless foreigner who had had a hand in the conspiracy, put in an appearance at the Lyric, he would have them put out, and he took a cab and drove down to Markham Street, to inquire after Iris.

"You give my compliments to Miss Howard," he said to Mrs. Barker, who informed him that Miss Howard was not up; "and tell her that I'll have the law of those gentlemen, if it costs me a thousand pounds! I'll teach 'em that a lady is not to be insulted while she's a member of my company!"

When—looking pale and weary—Iris came down to breakfast, and Mrs. Barker delivered the message, Iris, though she felt grateful to the good-hearted manager for his sympathy and championship, wrote at once and begged him not to take any legal proceedings.

"Everybody who knows me knows that I would not go to such a place of my own free will, and as to the rest of the world, dear Mr. Stapleson, I can afford to let it think what it will."

She said the same to Paul, who made himself almost ill in his passionate desire to avenge her.

"Oh, Mabel, if I were only a man, and strong, and tall, like that Lord Montacute, I wouldn't have been satisfied with throwing a glass of wine in the duke's face, I—I would have killed him."

"I am afraid that would only have made more trouble, Paul, dear!" said Iris, smoothing his long silky hair, as he knelt beside her chair. "Try and forget all about it now, Paul," she added, "tell me what Mr. Montmorency said to the opera last night."

Paul's eyes lit up.

"Oh, Mabel!" he breathed, his face flushing, "I am afraid to tell you, lest it should not prove true! He said the kindest things, and that he would answer for its success!"

"So will I!" said Iris, "and now to help us forget our troubles, play something, dear."

Paul got his violin, and he was in the midst of the overture of his new opera, when Mrs. Barker announced Lord Montacute.

Lord Clarence advanced towards them with a supreme eagerness, and his face lit up as he held Iris's hand.

"Oh, Lord Montacute," said Paul, clinging to the hand Clarence gave him, "I am so glad you have come! I want to thank you with all my heart and soul for—for what you did last night! Ah, if you knew how I envy you! To be able to punish that wicked Duke of Rosedale! It's in all the papers this morning; see!" and he caught up a newspaper from the table.

Lord Clarence frowned slightly and looked annoyed, as he glanced at Iris, who sat with downcast eyes.

"You are angry with me?" he murmured anxiously.

She raised her eyes to his face with a swift look of gratitude and comprehension.

"Angry? No! But—but was it worth the trouble, my friend?"

"Worth the trouble!" he repeated. "I only hope he will give me the chance to punish him as he deserves—but don't be uneasy!" he added quickly, for a look of alarm had come into Iris's face, "he will be quite satisfied with what he's got. I know his grace too well. It is not the first time he has had a glass of wine thrown in his face. But he won't say any more about the matter. I came to speak of something else this morning," he added, as Paul went to the other end of the room. "Iris, you have called me your friend: I want you to let me be one in reality, not in polite fiction only. I was your father's friend, remember, and I have therefore the right to ask you to listen to me."

"I think I know what you are going to say," said Iris in a low voice, and with a look of trouble about her eyes.

"I want you to leave the stage," said Lord Clarence earnestly. "Iris, it is not a fit life for you. Think of last night. There is not a day but you may be exposed to a like insult! Besides, it—it drives me mad to think of you—you, singing and acting for money! I know what you will answer you will ask me what you shall do if you relinquish the life you are leading. And you know the answer I would make, Iris!" and the poor fellow's face paled. "Once before I asked you to be my wife—I make the same prayer now. Well—" he sighed, for she shook her head, the tears gathering in her eyes— "well, then, I will say no more of that, but you will let me help you to be independent in some other way than this!"

"Ah!" she murmured. "If you knew how hard it is for me to refuse you—anything! But I must refuse, dear friend! The stage and I are wedded for life, I think. I shrank from it at first as keenly as even you could have wished, but it was to be! Don't you believe in destiny, Lord Clarence? Well, I think it was my destiny to develop into Mabel Howard, the actress! No, I cannot leave it, even if I wished to, and," she added thoughtfully, "I don't know that I do wish it, now! I am not happy, I am, at any rate, content. It is only when I am before the footlights that I can forget myself and—and the past. Don't say any more, dear friend!" she said quickly and with a sharp sigh. "It only pains me to have to refuse, and refuse I must!"

Lord Clarence obeyed her, just as Heron Coverdale had done, for, like him, he knew that it would be impossible to shake her resolution; so they sat and talked, and she told him of all that had happened to her, her eyes filling at times, and at others the rare smile shining on her face.

And then she insisted upon hearing his adventures, and when he had finished she said, gently but earnestly:

"And now you will go home, Lord Clarence?"

"No," he said, the color coming into his face, "I shall remain in London for a little while."

"And! Why should you?" she pleaded; but he shook his head again.

"I can be as obstinate as you, Iris," he said, with a melancholy smile. "I am going to stay here for one reason if for no other."

"And that?"

"That you may feel you have one friend at least near at hand," he said.

She knew that no words of hers would move him from his determination, and, indeed, the thought that he would be near her was not an unwelcome one.

Last night's work had shaken her confidence in herself, and had forced her to realize how helpless and alone she was in the midst of the world.

"And I may come and see you now and again?" he said wistfully, as he held her hand and said good-bye.

"Yes," she replied, with a sad smile. "But I would rather you went back to the Towers, much rather."

"And would rather stay in London," he retorted. "Good-bye, Paul; you and I are old friends already, I hope."

"Anyone who is Mabel's friend is mine," said the boy simply, as he looked up at Clarence's face with his great, earnest eyes.

So Clarence went on his way, if not made happy, at least with a load of anxiety and apprehension lifted from his heart. He had found her, and could see her now and again, and that was something.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CURIOSITIES IN SYNTAX. The following are specimens of false syntax:

A man was killed by "a railroad car running into Boston, supposed to be dead."

A man writes: "We have decided to erect a school house large enough to accommodate 500 scholars five stories high."

On a certain railway the following luminous direction was printed: "Hereafter when trains in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

A steamboat captain, advertising an excursion, says: "Tickets, twenty-five cents; children half price to be had at the office."

An Iowa editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W., for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

IF our credit be so well built, so firm, that it is not easy to be shaken by calumny or insinuation, envy then commends us, and extols us beyond reason to those upon whom we depend, till they grow jealous and so blow us up when they cannot throw us down.

THE PAST IS DEAD.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

The past is dead—let it so remain,
Strive not to bring it to life again;
Let forgetfulness cover it like the grass,
While winds of oblivion over it pass.

The past is dead—undisturbed let it sleep,
Stir not its slumbers so quiet and deep;
Let its joys and blisses, its passions and pains,
Sleep till they're roused by Eternity's strains.

The past is dead—come away from the tomb,
Leave it alone in the desolate gloom,—
Tears nor intensest of prayers can bring
A breath of life to this poor dead thing.

Diana's Diamonds.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER II.

THE groom here rode forward to open the park gate, and they were perfectly silent. Under the portico of the house they could see Sir Henry waiting to receive them with jovial, loud-voiced greeting.

In the hall a footman delivered a request from the nurse that "my lady would come into the nursery before the young gentleman was settled to sleep."

It seemed hours before she could seek the privacy of her own dressing-room, where she found Muriel standing by the window in deep thought, still in her habit, nervously twisting the lash of her riding-whip.

"Mother!" she cried, as Lady Diana entered, "Oh, mother! If you had but told me!"

There was reproach mingled with sorrow in her voice.

"Told you? What have you heard, child?"

"Everything! It has weighed like a stone here," and she pressed her hands on her heart impetuously. "To think of your stooping to deceit and bribery. Oh, mother ——"

"But, my darling, what was I to do? Think of Sir Henry," cried the mother wildly. "How was I to deal with the man?"

"Trust him! Trust his noble nature, his sense of family feeling, his honor, his affection for the father who renounced him. Yes, he took your money. You left him no other resource. He took but what was rightly his own, what we had been keeping him from all these years. He bore with your disdain in silence, his hands were tied. But when the time comes that he may safely come forward and claim his own, then you shall see how little your bribe was needed to buy his forbearance towards his father!"

Lady Diana stood like a stone statue, her dilated eyes fixed on the excited girl, her lips growing whiter and whiter with terror.

"Child! Muriel! Am I mad? Who is this that you are speaking of to me? Where have you met him? How has he dared to approach you?"

"At Florence," the girl said more steadily. "While you were absorbed in nursing Sir Henry after the operation. He only came to me for news. He could not bear the suspense longer. What else could he have done? You had forbidden him to address you or his father. I used to meet him every evening; that is"—for Lady Diana started and shuddered—"I used just to speak a few words from the balcony and he would go away satisfied. He never wrote to me till baby was born. I could not meet him then. I was too much with you. I—I could not blame his wanting to let me know how he felt towards this brother who was to supplant him——"

"Hush, hush!" Lady Diana screamed. "I cannot bear this. Oh, Muriel, Muriel. Promise me to wait before you judge me. Promise you will write to him nor more, nor see him, nor let him come near you till Sir Henry knows all. It is a little thing to ask you. Promise, if you love me!"

"I will obey if you order me," answered Muriel in the coldest tone her mother had ever heard pass her lips. "If you insist that he shall be left a while longer outcast and disowned, I cannot prevent it. But I cannot promise to think you are doing right, mother. I am on his side from henceforth remember."

"God help me!" sighed poor Lady Diana.

* * * * * *

Mark Serafton's establishment on the Southbeach Esplanade is a solid, respectable pile, like a bank or public office.

There is no vulgar expanse of plate-glass with a catchpenny show of glittering gewgaws behind it.

Within was precious store of gems and gold as all the world might see, but only to a favored few, connoisseurs of name, personal friends of Mr. Serafton's own, or visitors bearing a written order from Lady Diana Mallion, would the innermost shrine be opened, and the glory of the whole be revealed.

A certain unimportant-looking door at the far end of the shop would be opened by a key that never left Mr. Serafton's possession except for a few rare intervals, when it was trusted to the care of his devoted nephew, Robert.

The door opened on a second, and that on a small, windowless chamber, a separate building, burglar and fire-proof, in the centre of which, under a case of strong plate-glass, lay dazzling in the rays of the brilliant electric light a priceless mass of treasure, the crown and centre of which were the Mallion diamonds.

It was understood that they had been entrusted to him to be reset, and some missing stones replaced, and that the search for the match had occupied the trade for months.

There Lady Diana found them. Mr. Serafton conducted her with a slow step and a sad face to the room, explaining the precautions he had taken for their defence in a voice filled with the pain of parting.

They had wound themselves very closely round his heart.

"I will bring them to you myself on the morning of the twenty-third," he said with the calm of a supreme resignation.

"I suppose you could not let me have them any sooner?" she asked. "Sir Henry is possessed by such extraordinary fancies about them. It is a lingering trace of his illness, and we must do our best to quiet his mind. He is angry and suspicious about my trusting them to you."

Mr. Serafton had hardly spirit left to feel indignant at the suggestion.

He explained in a dull, indifferent manner that at present the security of the diamonds was absolute.

The room had been designed by a celebrated engineer. Only a party of skilled masons with time and appliances could break through from outside or below.

The lock of the iron door was a special patent opened by only one key in the world, and that key never out of Mr. Serafton's or Robert's possession.

Then the case and stand on which it stood were practically impregnable.

To cut through the plate-glass or to tamper with the stand would be to set an alarm to work at Mr. Serafton's private residence and another at the nearest police station.

He went on to tell of the well-armed watchman, but Lady Diana interrupted him wearily.

"Thank you; I know I am foolish, but I feel as if nothing that you can say will reassure me. I dread the two days to come unspeakably. I am treading blindfold amongst pitfalls. Perhaps the loss of my diamonds may not prove the very deepest."

She checked herself abruptly with a nervous glance at Muriel.

But Muriel turned unresponsively away and walked back through the shop, where Robert, who had by this time formed himself into a very elegant copy of his uncle, watched her admiringly from behind the counter.

Mr. Serafton shook his head ominously as he returned from accompanying Lady Diana to the cab that took the two ladies back to the station.

"Not the woman she was," he sighed to Robert in a confidential moment later on when the shop was cleared. "Did you notice a gentleman on the opposite side of the road who took off his hat as the cab drove off? Do you happen to know who it was?"

"A Captain Trevor, staying at the Imperial," Robert responded, coloring slightly. "Yes, I know him a little and he knows them. He spoke to Miss Dasent; he is a relation, I fancy; I know he signs himself 'Mallion Trevor.'"

"You know a good deal about him, Bob. Yes, he did remind me of Sir Henry. The same queer-shaped eyebrows."

Mr. Serafton gave what would have been a jump in one less dignified, and rubbed his head suddenly.

He had met with a pair of similar eyebrows once before, he recollected.

"I'm going out, Robert. I shall be in to dinner at eight. If not, don't wait for me."

Robert was accustomed to his uncle's ways, and was not much surprised when he began, pouring out his first glass of after-dinner claret, as if the conversation had never been interrupted.

"So Captain Mallion Trevor, late Scinde Light Horse, was here last spring for some time—help yourself, Bob—while I was in Amsterdam. Made a pot of money on the Southbeach Spring Meeting, and stayed on here, spending it like a gentleman. Perhaps you can oblige me with some further details, Robert."

Bob's conscience was very clear, but he flushed up to the eyes with embarrassment.

He was still boy enough to blush, despite his high collar and waxed moustache.

"Yes, I met him then; but he's no friend of mine, as you seem to think. I used to go to the billiard-room of the Imperial in those days—it was before you objected, you know—and we played a good deal at the time. He would go on playing, though I was too strong for him. He came in and out to see me at my rooms once or twice ——"

"And asked to see the diamonds?" suggested Mr. Serafton.

"The diamonds? No, I don't remember that he ever did. We may have talked about them—that was natural ——" and here Bob broke off awkwardly enough; but his uncle was waiting for him to continue, and he dared not stop halfway.

"We talked about them in connection with the Mallions, you know. You see how it was"—Bob went on more fluently—"when he turned up again last month, and suggested a game, I was obliged to say I wasn't going to play any more, I'd given it up. Then he asked me into his room, just for a quiet cigar, and—I think we both took more than was good for us; for he went on by the hour raving about his beautiful cousin, Muriel—Miss Dasent, that is—and showed me her photograph and her letters in his pocket-book, and said Lady Diana was on his side, but Sir Henry objected to their engagement, and a lot more.

"I was awfully interested, but rather confused myself, and don't recollect much about the rest of the conversation; so, when he asked me next morning to say no more about it, and forget what he had told me as soon as I could—why, so I did."

"And was that the last of him?"

Mr. Serafton's face was still very anxious.

"Has he never been about this place since?"

"Once," Bob admitted. "He came in awfully agitated, and said the Mallions were just behind him, and begged me to let him wait somewhere where he could see them without being seen, and so I took him into your private office—only for a few minutes," pleaded Bob, in deprecation of the sudden wrath in his uncle's face; "not five at most; just till the ladies came in, and we saw it was not the Mallions. Then he went off at once, and never came near the place again till to-day."

"You saw Miss Dasent speak to him?"

"No, I didn't; he spoke to her—something about a promise and two days more. She is coming of age directly, I know."

"Two days more—just what Lady Diana said. I wish they were over, with all my heart, Robert," sighed Mr. Serafton heavily.

Robert looked sympathetic.

"Don't worry about Mallion Trevor, uncle. He went up to town by the next train. I saw him go. You're getting low, uncle. You'll be twice the man, once you are rid of those diamonds."

* * * * * *

The gloom of Lady Diana's forebodings had proved infectious.

Mr. Serafton spent a restless evening, followed by a broken, feverish night. Before going to bed he tried to compose himself by a visit to the shop to convince himself anew of its absolute security.

He found all as it ought to be: big Solomon Daly, the watchman, fresh as a daisy and sober as a judge, at his post, revolver in belt, truncheon in hand, and alarum in working order.

Returning up the street the first big drops of a thunder-shower spotted the clean pavement in front of him, and a low, distant rumble came up on the rising wind.

He was scarcely within shelter before the storm burst over Southbeach with a crash that shook the town.

It was a night of wreck and disaster long to be remembered there.

Solomon Daly, an ex-fisherman, accustomed to all sorts of weather, felt that he would much rather have met in the open, and slowly paced his limited beat uneasily.

He couldn't bring himself to-night to settle down to read of the daily paper, which Robert, like a good-natured young fellow as he was, used to leave in a certain corner for his benefit.

He would pocket the paper for home perusal.

Ah, what was that? Something he hadn't noticed when first he came in.

"Now that is like Mr. Robert, that is!"

Pipes were a strictly forbidden luxury, but a cigar—a Havanah, like the one he was now rolling between his hands and smelling approvingly—a mighty mellow-tinted weed, such a one as he had seen in the lips of Mr. Robert or his swell friends scores of times—and on a night like this.

He lighted up without more ado, and gave himself over to the enjoyment of the moment, never troubling himself to inquire if it was or was not a breach of discipline.

It was a fine, full-flavored weed, rather strong he thought at first, as he waved the smoke away from his eyes with a somewhat tremulous hand—seemed to get into his head as his own pipe never did.

He took it from his lips and contemplated it stupidly for a minute consideringly, then replaced it and drew feebly at it again.

He fancied he heard a noise behind him and tried to rise, but dropped back again heavily.

He was getting confused with the noise of the thunder, which just then broke into a loud crash, directly over the roof it seemed.

There had been another noise drowned in the tumult above, a familiar, homely sound—the creak of a door, and that door Mr. Serafton's private office.

It swung lightly ajar, and through the aperture a pair of keen, dark eyes watched Mr. Solomon Daly's further proceedings with affectionate concern.

The eyes belonged to a slim, dark young fellow, whom Robert might have recognized as Captain Mallion Trevor, and a very striking appearance Captain Trevor presented.

Clad in dark trousers and dark silk shirt, his waistcoat replaced by a broad belt, and his feet shod with noiseless felt, he seemed to take up less room than a shadow, and moved as noiselessly as a cat as he slid a few paces from his cover to get a better view of the watchman's face.

Solomon's head was beginning to nod unsteadily forward and his eyes to blink, and Captain Trevor smiled approval.

The narcotic was working, and there would be no occasion to employ a certain slight, broaded-bladed, ugly-looking weapon which he held in his hand.

He retreated again to Mr. Serafton's arm-chair.

He was in no hurry. He had deliberately devoted three quarters of a year to waiting for the chance five minutes which had left Robert and the keys at his mercy, and three months more for the right moment for using them.

And the cigar had slipped from between Solomon's lips and caught on the front of his coat.

He made no effort to remove it, but sat smiling idiotically at it from time to time.

Captain Trevor resumed his seat. The night was still young and he was well within the time he had allowed himself before beginning his work.

He had not long to wait before Solomon had slidden sideways down in his chair and was slumbering heavily, with a smile of perfect beatitude hovering on his red lips.

Captain Trevor then gently rose from his seat, and turned to the attack on Mr. Serafton's strong-hold.

He held his breath with intensest anxiety for one moment while he fitted the tiny key in the lock; it turned, the door gave and the strong white light within seemed to flash forth and smite him like a sharp sword.

He was alone with the diamonds. Under the strong radiance the gems shone bravely, and his greedy eyes gloated on them as he prowled round the case seeking a point of entrance.

He must attack the strong plate-glass, in itself a formidable obstacle, but he was provided with glazier's tools of the very best.

He had been preparing himself for the work for long and set about it with a practised hand.

The glass yielded at last, a gentle pressure and the fragment fell with a soft crash inwards on to the velvet cushion.

He had cut it out low down, close to the band of ornamental ironwork at the base. A small opening, but enough to afford a passage to his bare arm.

His heart stood still with excitement for one moment, the next he had stripped up his sleeve to the shoulder.

"Now, my Lady Diana, I have you! Your daughter, Mallionhay, and the diamonds!"

CHAPTER III.

MURIEL DASENT lay sleeping in the early sunshine of her birthday morning. Beside the bed knelt Lady Diana studying the fair, childish face with eyes of such piteous appeal, that though she spoke no word the sleeper seemed to feel their troubling influence, and turning restlessly round sighed softly and raised the white lids of her drowsy blue eyes.

Her mother's heart throbbed at the first sweet look of love and trust that dawned in them, and then sank cold and heavy as the smile grew fixed and conventional and a shroud of reserve drew over the frank young face.

"Many happy returns of the day, darling."

She tried to speak brightly but her voice was unsteady, and she met Muriel's kiss with a sob.

"Muriel! I have come to plead with you. I can no longer appeal to your love or your faith in me. You have been silently judging me in your own mind, and have called me unrighteous——"

"No, mother," the girl protested. "You have never done anything but what you thought best and most expedient, but ——"

"But, I have stood between father and son, and usurped the heir's place for my own child? That is what you would say? I have held my hand under pretext of sparing my husband? That is his story, is it not? What does he call himself?"

"Trevor," answered Muriel in a low voice. "His mother's name."

"Untrue like all the rest. Now hear my side. Let me tell you who and what he is. My husband's son, truly, and by his first wife, and she, a creature so lost that her unhappy boy-husband would not publish his disgrace by trying to obtain a divorce. He parted from her within a month of the marriage, paying her well to keep the ghastly family secret. She was a vicious, ignorant woman, and as glad to return to her freedom as he was. So she went her way and he went his, and when she died he thought himself safe for ever. Now listen, Muriel. The first that Sir Henry knew of the birth of a child was twenty years later, when there appeared in every leading newspaper an advertisement for the marriage certificate of Henry Mallion and Elizabeth Hiley."

"And he took no notice—nor you?" asked Muriel.

Lady Diana smiled bitterly.

"My child, we were on our honeymoon. It was sheer chance that brought an old English newspaper before us many months after. By that time my husband had told me everything. We set the lawyers and the police to work to find out the advertiser, and waited through the gaieties of our home-coming for the news they might bring us. Then we heard the worst, that Sir Henry had a living son, and that he was seeking his rights."

Muriel's white brow was knitted attentively, but she gave no sign.

"We found him—the eldest son—the heir

of Mallionbay, in prison awaiting his trial for robbery.

Muriel started and shivered, then hid her scared young face in her hands. Lady Diana pursued her advantage.

"Shall I tell you his story at length? No, perhaps it is too hideous. A childhood spent in the companionship of the outcasts of the earth; five years at a reformatory; then a sudden change to a life of unwholesome ease and indulgence. A foolish, philanthropic old lady took a fancy to the boy's handsome face, and befriended him, or intended to do so. What she did was to take him into her house as a protege, and he was sharp enough to play his part to perfection. She became completely infatuated with him, gave him some sort of education, and furnished him with money, which he secretly spent in all manner of low pleasures in company with some of his old comrades who had found him out. It was she who tried to trace out his parentage, guided by some old letters his mother had left. Nothing might ever have come of them but for our inquiries. He wearied of his life with his protectress, and, not content with robbing her as he had done for years unsuspected, he decamped with all her valuables. The shock was too much for the old lady and she died."

Muriel moaned, her face still hidden.

"He was taken, tried, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Within six months after he had made his escape, learned by some means of our inquiries about him, he made his way here to see what terms he could extort. It was a daring move, and it answered. What could I do? His father was lying injured and helpless; it all rested with me. He had an ingenious plan for securing his safety, but it required money, and I gave it ungrudgingly. The police are convinced that Morris Hiley is dead and buried—mortally wounded in the act of escaping. He has cut himself completely adrift from his old self, and is safe even if I wished to betray him now. Now the matter must rest with Sir Henry. I have begged him to come forward, but he keeps silence—a silence full of menace for me, I feel. Muriel, speak. Say you will help me, you will stand by me!" pleaded the mother. It was a cry for aid and comfort, but Muriel gave neither.

"I cannot tell—I cannot think yet. I must hear him first."

Then the maid knocked at the door, and entering, brought to the bedside a large tray heaped with letters, parcels, telegrams of congratulation to the beautiful young heiress, bouquets and cards, and smilingly added her own good wishes.

Muriel constrained herself to answer graciously, and mechanically opened envelope after envelope, hardly marking the contents.

"For you, mother," she said, taking up a telegram and placing it in Lady Diana's listless hand.

The next minute, with a startled cry, Lady Diana sank beside her.

"From Mr. Serafton. He wants me to come at once; what can it mean?"

"The diamonds!" cried Muriel, springing up. "We must go, mother. Don't faint—there's time. Go!" to the maid. "Order the carriage at once, and come back and dress me as fast as you can. Mother, there's time. We shall be back before anyone misses us. I'll stand by you in this, come what may."

The girl's senses seemed to have returned with this second shock. She flung her arms round her mother and kissed her with sudden violence.

It brought the blood back to Lady Diana's wan cheek and the warmth to her heart, and with the shadow of her old high courage she turned to face this unknown, last, and worst calamity.

* * * * * *

The shutters of Mark Serafton's establishment were closed, and Lady Diana and her daughter found a policeman guarding the entrance.

Mr. Serafton, wan and hollow-eyed in the half light, came forward to receive them.

"Your ladyship—this is most kind and condescending—I felt I must lose no time in informing you——" he stammered.

The man seemed ready to drop to the earth; some cruel shock had blanched his lips and shattered the usual grave composure of his bearing.

"A most terrible thing has happened. I was myself the very first to discover it."

"Don't waste words—I can guess the worst."

Lady Diana's voice was steady, but sounded in her own ears hard and unnatural. She found herself wondering at her own calmness.

"Tell me how it happened."

"You shall see for yourself. I have been advised to leave everything exactly as I found it when I came down earlier than usual this morning."

Lady Diana looked round her. The shop was still closed, as it has been said. The glass cases were empty of their contents.

In a chair in one corner reposed the helpless figure of Solomon Daly, with whom two gentlemen seemed to be busy endeavoring to administer something in a glass much against their patient's will, a policeman looking stolidly on.

The whole police force of Southbeach seemed to be concentrated at that point, for the superintendent was walking about, note-book in hand, and two armed officers stood on guard at the open door of the strong room.

"Let me go and see for myself," said Lady Diana, in a sort of desperation, impatient to realize the extent of the disaster; but the jeweler interposed.

"May I beg your ladyship?—the sight is too painful," and he endavored to stay her entrance to his violated strong-hold.

"Let me pass! Come, Muriel!" and she drew her daughter forward.

The stronger light within seemed to dazzle and blind her.

The shining crystal case swam before her, its contents glittering like the sparkles on a sunlit sea.

She clasped her hands over her eyes, to steady them for a second, and then withdrew them. There, full before her, sparkling and intact, lay the Mallion diamonds!

She staggered back in the revulsion of feeling. Struggling for speech, she clutched Mr. Serafton's arm, mutely pointing forward.

"Safe? They are safe! Then what did he mean?"

But Muriel rushed forward with a low cry.

There, at the foot of the case, just as he had fallen, just as they had found him, stark and stiff, that morning, his tools—the mute witnesses to his guilty purpose—strewed around him, the murderous steel in his belt, his eyes seeming to watch them with a fixed and glassy gleam through the half-closed lids, but dead, lay her enemy, her husband's son, the heir of Mallion.

Mr. Serafton was explaining and lamenting unheeded.

"I recognized him, your ladyship. I was almost positive. I made sure he had left the place that evening, or I should have taken extra precautions. And then, his connection with the family—his acquaintance with Miss Desent—I really didn't know what to think."

"How did it happen?" she asked, under her breath.

Mr. Serafton pointed, with a shaky hand, to the light above.

"That killed him. The naked wires run just within the glass. He must have touched them with his arm in trying to reach the diamonds. In no other way is there the slightest danger. The death must have been painless and instantaneous."

She heard no more. She was but a woman, erring and weak, as we mortals are. Her foe—the curse of her life—lay dead at her feet.

Later on, when she came to think of it, she would forgive him all the suffering he had caused her, fully and freely.

Now, in the sudden release from suffering, she could only clasp her hands before her face, and from the depths of her soul give thanks to Heaven for this signal and unexpected salvation.

* * * * * *

The rest of the story is to be found in the county paper.

It contains the inquest and police investigation, ending in nothing; a paragraph on the dangers of electric lighting; and an account of the coming-of-age ball at Mallionbay, and the splendid appearance of Lady Diana in the Mallion diamonds.

[THE END.]

A Bachelor's Blunder.

BY J. M. R.

My father said, at parting, "Frank, I depend upon you. If you disappoint Roper's wishes and my own, you'll never forgive yourself."

Merry Flora Roper, whom I had never seen?

Well, it depended, of course, upon how we liked each other.

"She must be pretty" (according to my own judgment), thought I. "Good-tempered" (as I heard she was), "and well off" (as I knew she was).

In the minor details of eyes, complexion, figure, etc., I was, in a dignified way, prepared to be lenient.

First bell ringing: out from the hansom I sprang, and in two minutes more was strolling along, duly "booked" towards the train.

"Where for, sir? Cardington? All right, sir! in here."

I mounted the step, but I very nearly fell back on the platform.

"What dazzling—what wondrous beauty can this be?" I pondered.

"Now then, sir; train's off!"

In I sprang, and the door closed behind me. Diagonally opposite she sat; nay, rather she shone before me, that fair young creature, in the most perfect glory of womanhood.

I could have kissed her very railway-ticket; ay, could I not even have worshipped the patent ticket-stamper that impressed the date upon that ticket?

Ticket! Why, there is hers, lying on the floor. Reverently I picked it up with my best grace, and handed it to her. In doing so my eye fell upon the destined station—'Cardington!"

My brain swam with the intoxicating, the sudden thought:

"Can this be Flora? Am I, the unworthy, to receive so priceless, so inestimable a gift as this? Yes;" for again my inquiring eyes light upon the solution—upon her bonnet-box, I mean—whereon is written, in delicate, flowing characters:

"MISS ROPER,
"*Cardington*,"

Away, old unmanly fears and speculations—away doubts and cold calculations. Mine she must—shall be!

But what was that which my father had warned me of? Let me see; some secret liking of hers for someone else to be overcome?

No; it was a general disposition on Flora's part to choose for herself, and to accept nothing—no one of anybody else's selection.

Well, then, the opportunity is now here—now is the time to create a favorable impression.

Hark! She speaks. The accent surely is somewhat provincial; but then, my dear father's wishes, and her lustrous loveliness, weigh down the beam against any such little peculiarity of parlance.

"Yes," I reflected, "were she to break forth in broadest double Dutch, still I am hers—she is mine!"

Need I say that I exerted myself to the utmost to be agreeable, and she appeared not displeased with my efforts? But alas! railway traveling is dreadfully fast, and Cardington is close at hand.

We stop. Illucid shouts, and shrill steam shrieks are commingled for a minute; and then she and I stand alone on the platform of Cardington Station.

Can I see after her luggage?

"Thank you, I have nothing but this box," she replies.

I am asked by a coachman in livery whether I am the gentleman for Hurstley. I believe I am. The coachman recognizes my Flora, and in half-respectful, half-familiar (old favorite servant you know) tone, asks:

"How are you, miss?"

Absolute final confirmation, she gets into the little omnibus. I follow.

The carriage is stopping. Now, how shall I clasp that little kid clad hand? Ah! she refuses not my aid; an electrical thrill pervades my frame, and she is gone.

Why fit those smiles athwart the faces of James and Tummas the colossal, the red-plushed, the prematurely white-haired?

Do they really detect the naissance of my growing—nonsense, my adult affection?

* * * * * *

"Master's compliments, and he will be in in an hour. Would you like to dress, sir?"

Unto the resplendent bipedal butterfly's suggestion I accede. Yes, I welcome a quiet half hour of reflection, in which I can calmly analyze my turbid feelings.

* * * * * *

Second dinner-bell. I descend. I enter the drawing-room. There—there she stands, condescending to devote the attention of her ethereal soul to an obstinate fragment of coal.

Prudence, hesitation, bashfulness, avaunt ye! In a moment I am on my knees, one arm around her waist, one hand grasping hers.

"My darling, my life, my only hope. I cannot wait one moment. Be mine, Flora, mine for ever—I your willing slave—you——"

"Mr. Miller's in the drawing-room, sir," said Jeames's voice.

The door was thrown open very quickly, and there entered Mr. and Miss Flora Roper.

"Glad to see you, young—— What, sir! What in the world is this? Making love to my daughter's maid, in my own house, before my own——"

The window was open. I fled!

A CURIOUS RACE.—Then came the race of "wild animals," a simple, childish affair, which I at first took for a joke, but the intense eagerness and excitement of the crowd soon dispelled the illusion, wrote a tourist in Morocco.

Three starting places were staked off at various distances from the goal, at which the most unlikely animals, with their owners, took up their positions. In the first rank appeared a gray parrot and a hedgehog; in the second, a goose, gayly decked with ribbons, a duck and a couple of fowls; in the last rank two donkeys, a pig, several dogs and a cat. Each proprietor held in his hand a couple of reeds, which served to direct the progress of the animal as he walked behind it.

When the flag was dropped as a signal for the start I was compelled to hold my sides with laughing. The parrot made a furious attack on the reeds, screaming with rage and flapping its wings.

The hedgehog, not seeming to relish the proceedings, rolled itself up in a ball. The fowls made off as fast as their legs would carry them, cackling as they went. The pig and the cat ran in among the spectators, who screamed in their fun. The dogs, on being set at liberty, bolted, leaving their owners in the lurch, and only the two donkeys trotted on patiently in front of their masters.

But it was the duck that gained the prize; its owner, toward the finish, held its head crosswise between the sticks, and shoved it forward in the direction of the goal. The owner of the goose, a corpulent Englishman, tried to copy his example, but in his eagerness stumbled and fell with his whole weight on the goose.

He was on his feet again in a moment, and I shall never forget the expression on his face as he stood there with his arms hanging limp by his side, and looked first at the poor goose who lay quivering in its last agony on the ground, and then at the goal, which the loud quacking duck had just passed amid the applause and laughter of the crowd.

A FARNON doctor was once informed that a patient who had left his care and sought other advice had just expired. The learned Æsculapius solemnly shook his head at the news, and impressively remarked, "That will teach him to change his doctor."

Scientific and Useful.

DOOR-OPENING.—A door that opens automatically on putting a coin in the slot has recently been brought out. The door is made double, each half being L-shaped and hinged at the angle. They are closed and held fast by a lock which unlocks when the coin actuates it and the door opens. It closes after the person enters.

TO MAKE BLACKING.—Oil of vitriol in blacking promotes the shining and drying. It is not injurious in small quantities—still it is unnecessary. Blacking will always dry well if made with vinegar, and shine well if sugar-candy is substituted for sugar. The following is a good recipe for blacking without oil of vitriol:—Ivory black, ground fine, four ounces; treacle, two ounces; vinegar, three quarters of a pint; spermaceti oil, a teaspoonful. Mix the oil with the blacking first, then add the treacle; lastly the vinegar.

BURNING GARBAGE.—In a trial of the new garbage crematory at Jacksonville, Fla., the apparatus, with the use of less than a quarter of a cord of wood, reduced in one hour to a few ashes twelve barrels of night-soil, five barrels of garbage, one barrel of chickens, one barrel of spoiled fish, four dogs, one box of meat, four alligators and five loads of refuse matter, including street sweepings, etc., two of these being double loads, making in all 7800 pounds. Jacksonvillians think that this solves the sewage and garbage problem for their city.

BRONZING.—The following is given as a very effective process for bronzing surfaces:—Dissolve gum lac in four parts by volume of pure alcohol, and then add bronze or any other metal powder in proportion of one part to three parts of the solution. The surface to be covered must be very smooth. In the case of wood, one or several coats of Meudon or Spanish white are given, and the object is carefully polished. The mixture is painted on, and when a sufficient number of coats have been given the object is well rubbed. A special advantage of this process is it can be burnished.

PAPER TYPE.—Type made from paper is the latest novelty. Such letters are at present cut on wood. The pulp is desiccated and reduced to a powdered or comminuted state, after which it is thoroughly mixed with a water-proofing liquid or material—such as paraffin oil or a drying linseed oil, for instance. The mixture is then dried, and subsequently pulverized. In its pulverized state it is introduced into a mould of the requisite construction to produce the desired article, type or block, and then subjected to pressure to consolidate it and heat to render tacky or adhesive the water-proofing material.

Farm and Garden.

HAY.—Moldy or dusty hay will cause heaves in horses. Such hay is only fit for bedding. If a horse shows signs of the heaves it is best to cut and moisten all hay fed to it.

CHICKENS.—A hen and chicks in a garden sometimes prove beneficial, as they destroy many insects, but they should be kept away from plots that have been recently seeded.

LAYING.—The best food for making hens lay is a pound of lean meat, chopped fine, given three times a week to a flock of twenty hens. But very little grain is required at this season.

THE STABLE.—Piling up the manure in the stable may be convenient, but the health of the animals will not be promoted thereby. There should be a place for the manure as well as for everything else.

GREEN FOLIAGE.—When it is desired to make the foliage assume a deep green, healthy color, or the flowers a brighter hue judicious application of soot-water will accomplish it better than anything else.

BASKETS.—Berry baskets stored in crates in the same manner as when filled with fruit are almost certain to be damaged by the gnawing of mice if the mice have access. If the boxes are nested together and packed in the crates they are seldom attacked.

THE HORSE.—Keep a horse's bedding dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing in hot, fermenting manure causes thrush. Use the curry comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain; brushing and rubbing are the proper means to secure a glossy coat. Let the heels be brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes sore heels.

FLOORS.—With a concrete floor in a basement where horses or cows are stabled all the liquid manure may be easily saved. The floor under the animals may be made of pine or hemlock plank, matched and grooved, and inclining inward the gutter in the rear. The cement should be the Rosendale grade on a ground work of gravel where drainage is provided, and this overlaid by the best Portland cement for additional hardness. If the cement floor is to last long it must be protected from severe freezing.

NEGLECT kills injuries, revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption finally kills, unless cured by

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Life's Little Worries.

Among human beings it is mostly the host of little worries that kill. The care that killed the cat might have been a big stone in a sack and a hoist seawards. That would have sunk her; yes, but a sack full of small stones would have sunk her just the same.

It is the constant drop that wears away the stone. Therefore cultivate habits of regularity in life if you would be well and look fresh and bonnie.

Again, it is strange, but it is true, that the possession of the cheerful habit, the habit of looking at everything on the bright side, tends to lengthen life quite as much as habits of indolence, procrastination and untidiness tend to shorten it.

But can such a habit be cultivated? Yes, it can be so in the young. And what is more, it tends to keep one young and fresh and beautiful in body and in heart as well.

It is now admitted by all psychologists and physiologists that certain portions of the brain preside over certain sets of not only motives but sentiments.

Though we may not believe that this goes the length of erecting phrenological bumps in the skull, still the particular portion of brain most used becomes most easily used till the habit is formed.

If you place a boy as apprentice with a blacksmith he will not be able to swing bars and big hammers round at first, but he'll try, and with use his dexterity will increase and his biceps also, till what he did at first painfully and awkwardly becomes no trouble at all, but, on the contrary, a pleasure. Do you see the application?

It is the same with the cultivation of cheerfulness. Begin by trying. Remember it will be difficult at first. You will need to exercise self control, and often you may actually feel that there is no real cheerfulness in your heart.

But the habit of looking at the silver lining of every dark cloud will increase, and will really become a second nature. Happiness will follow hand in hand with health.

It is strange, but it is true, that the habit of living out of one's self is a safeguard for the health. It is a blessed habit; like charity, it blesses the giver as well as the recipient.

We really cannot conceive of time being better spent than in giving pleasure to others, and helping others, though with sympathy alone.

Indeed, a kind word will very often go further than gold. Even the exhibition of an interest in another's welfare does that other good.

Suppose, says a great good man, that we were to live solely for ourselves; suppose that the heart of selfishness were not stretched so far in all men as to embrace the offspring of their own bodies; suppose that our parents, our nurses, our teachers, everyone through whose kind administrations we have grown up to be what we are, had lived altogether for themselves? What would have become of us?

Should we ever have risen from our cradle? Should we ever have had a cradle to rise from? Surely our first moment would have been our last. We should have been drowned like so many puppies or kittens.

"What tragedy," says a well known writer, "may be hidden in that little word 'friendless.'" None to labor for, none to weep or smile with, none to care whether we lose or win in life's struggle.

A kind word or smile coming from such a one unexpectedly, at some such crisis of life, how often has it been like the plank held out to a drowning man, lacking which he must surely have perished!

A higher motive than even health's sake draws us towards religion, but apart from every other feeling, it may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that a mind at rest with heaven has a firmer hold on even this life than a restless, careless being, who is ever on the search for that which we assuredly will never find here below—perfect happiness.

These things are all worth thinking about, whether you be an invalid or in the heydey of health and spirits. We never know what is before us, and forewarned is forearmed.

CHEERFULNESS is a cosmetic which tones the heart and places bouquets all over the countenance. Cheerfulness, like most other talents and merits, is to a large extent the subject of voluntary culture, and the preservation and development of it should be looked upon as a duty which we owe alike to ourselves and society. Those who, like the generality of men, have been in the custom of yielding up their tempers as vanes to be blown about by the shifting courses of fortune which way they will, would be surprised to know how much the lustre of the outward scene may be affected by the light within our bosoms.

You will find in your work, that the less you have to look at, the better you attend. You can no more see twenty things worth seeing in an hour, than you can read twenty books worth reading in a day. No book is worth anything that is not worth much, nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re read, and loved, and loved again: and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can see the weapons he needs in an armory.

THERE is a sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had in conversation; so necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges and among books; for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can be learned only in the world.

I HAVE known men who thought the object of conversion was to cleanse them as a garment is cleansed, and that when they are converted they were to be hung up in the Lord's wardrobe, the door of which was to be shut, so that no dust could get at them. A coat that is not used the moths eat; and a Christian who is hung up so that he shall not be tempted, the moths eat him; and they have poor food at that.

COURAGE is always greatest when blended with meekness; intellectual ability is most admirable when it sparkles in the setting of a modest self distrust; and never does the human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge and dares to forgive an injury.

IT is a secret known but to a few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

I MUST confess there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself. In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue in the world.

CONTEMPT of others is the truest symptom of a base and bad heart; while it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest—affording only an uneasy sensation, and bringing always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

IN the wildest anarchy of man's insurgent appetites and sins there still is a reclaiming voice—a voice which, even when in practice disregarded, it is impossible not to own; and to which, at the very moment we refuse our obedience, we find we cannot refuse the homage of what ourselves do feel and acknowledge to be the best, the highest principles of our nature.

As the bosom of earth blooms again and again, having buried out of sight the dead leaves of autumn, and loosed the frosty bands of winter; so does the heart, in spite of all that melancholy poets write, feel many renewed springs and summers It is a beautiful and a blessed world we live in, and whilst that life lasts, to lose the enjoyment of it is a sin.

CONSCIENCE is justice's best minister; it threatens, promises, rewards and punishes, and keeps all under its control; the busy must attend to its remonstrances, the most powerful submit to its reproof, and the angry endure its upbraidings. While conscience is our friend, all is peace; but it once offended, farewell the tranquil mind.

EVERYONE, however humble, has a mission to do, or say, or think, something which has never been done, or said, or thought; therefore let each one, while gratefully accepting the help and profiting by the wisdom of others, cultivate his own individuality, live his independent life, and fulfil his own possibilities.

NOTHING doth so establish the mind amidst the rollings and turbulence of present things, as a look above them and a look beyond them—above them to the steady and good hand by which they are ruled, and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which, by that hand, they will be brought.

WHEN we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, lest we lose two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

As flowers always wear their own colors and give forth their own fragrance every day alike, so should Christians maintain their character at all times and under all circumstances.

A BRAVE man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

WHEN we are saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same, for God taketh an account of all things.

THERE is a magic in that little word home; it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits.

IT is so charming to be advised to do that which we want to do; so cheerless to go out on a venture of one's own will, but that of no other.

CONTENTMENT is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

ALL earthly delights are sweeter in expectation than enjoyment; but all spiritual pleasures more in fruition than expectation.

IT is easy for a man in health to preach patience to the sick.

The World's Happenings.

A Baltimore tailor is the father of 25 children.

In France the use of tinfoil for wrapping articles of food has been forbidden.

There are 4,500 female printers in England and 12,000 artists in London alone.

A young man found with a pedometer that in 23 dances he had traveled nearly 14 miles.

In one small district of Japan 1178 horses were slaughtered last year for use as food.

A mathematician has figured that a man 30 years old has spent three years in buttoning his collar.

H Monk, of Lewiston, Me., has invented a machine that will starch eight shirts a minute.

A Pekin, China, weekly newspaper has just finished a serial story which contained 2,040 chapters.

One American manufacturer of base balls employs 300 hands, and keeps 40,000 dozen balls in stock.

The Empress of Austria suffers from insomnia, is unable to eat, and can find no relief from rheumatism.

Jacob Matthias, who died recently in Shannonville, Berks county, had lived all his life, 80 years, in one house.

Over 75,000 monkeys were killed in Brazil last year and the pelts shipped to London to be made into furs.

The contest in Mount Gilead, Ohio, between father and son for the office of Mayor ended in the election of the son.

The Southington, Conn., primary school children are to model in clay and weave mats, in addition to their regular work.

The town of Mills City, Va., has recently had its name changed, and now rejoices in the title of "New York, Jr."

Vermont pays bounties as follows for killing noxious animals: Foxes, 60 cents; lynxes, $10; bears, $15; wolves or panthers, $20.

In an exhibition at Dresden are collected a number of boots, shoes and slippers once worn by emperors, kings, queens and princes.

Kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

It is estimated that at least a hundred times as many ladies from the United States visit the Old World as there are European ladies who visit America.

Peter Johnson, a colored resident of Cairo, was going to swallow ten fish-hooks in public on a wager of $5, but the law stepped in and prevented him.

It is stated that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually.

Wm. B Groves, colored, of Brooklyn, fell dead recently while leaving the office of a doctor where he had gone to obtain a duplicate certificate of his daughter's death.

Jonathan Andrews, of Enfield, N. H., has been wearing his calf boots for 32 years, his arctic overshoes 28 years and his gloves 24 years, and all are good for some time yet.

An Ohio farmer mortgaged his farm to get his wife some diamond ear rings, and she lost one of them in the suds the first wash-day, and attempted to hang herself in the barn.

Carriage manufacturers are predicting that in the not distant future wooden wheels will be done away with and steel wheels substituted, on account of the increasing scarcity of lumber for wheels.

At least half a dozen couples have eloped from almshouses in the West recently. The last pair were inmates of a poorhouse in Indiana. The bride was blind and only 19—just 51 years younger than her partner.

A craze for taking flowers to school recently sprung up among children in Athens, Ga., and eventually resulted in so much extra work for the janitors than an order, excluding flowers from class-rooms, had to be issued.

A tramp confined in an Illinois jail dug a hole in the wall, and could have passed out had he been willing to remove some of his clothes. He had on four shirts and two suits, and rather than part with them he remained in the jug.

A church in Southern Illinois is about to have a Fair, in which one of the features will be the pigs in clover with real pigs. A large fac-simile of the toy will be built in the hall, and a prize is to be given to the man who may pen the porkers.

The ways of spreading disease are innumerable. A member of the Boston Poor Board, on visiting an Italian family, found some half a dozen bunches of bananas suspended from the ceiling of a room in which a child had a short time before died of diphtheria.

The latest claimants for the honor of being the oldest twins are the Chase brothers, David and John, who were born in New Hampshire in 1795, and consequently lack but six years of being a century old. David still resides in his native State; John's home is at Fall River, Wis.

All have heard of the famous war eagle "Old Abe," who accompanied a Wisconsin regiment all through the war. Well, after the fighting was all over, "Old Abe" was taken to Madison, in the State of Wisconsin, to end his days in honorable retirement, and he spent all his leisure time in laying eggs.

A report lately laid before the Italian Chamber of Deputies shows that in Italy there are 12 043 persons who have received licenses to beg, and who are, therefore, unchallenged by the police. A bill is now before the Chamber providing for the abolition of these licenses and for the erection of a poorhouse in each commune.

YOU DARE ME!

BY LOUISE MALCOM STANTON.

You "dare" me to say, "I love you?"
I never would "take a dare;"
By all the bright stars above you,
I love you, I love you, I swear.

I would not, perhaps, could I help it;
But what can a damsel do,
If her lover is very enchanting,
And will so persistently sue?

She may say she "don't love him one speck,"
And know well 'tis a fib all the time;
While she makes of his warm heart a wreck,
Then laughs at his troubles in rhyme.

Now, I dare you to dream of me daily,
To love me with all of your soul;
To sing love-songs to me ever gaily,
And hasten to reach true Love's goal.

A Prodigal Son.

BY A. G. R.

On a rough night, during the Christmas Vacation, the Temple does not look the cheeriest place in the world. Its windows are dark and sombre, its gardens bleak and leafless. The wind rushes shrieking through its deserted courts and up its gloomy staircases.

There is no sign of life to be seen, save the form of an occasional policeman who stands shivering in some sheltered doorway; or of comfort, save the little fire over which nods the drowsy old night-porter.

But the Temple, like everything else, should not be judged by appearances. Even on the roughest of nights, and during the deadest of vacations, there are plenty of snug little spots in it.

The staircases leading to them may be cold and gloomy, but there is no want of warmth and light within. Their windows may be dark and sombre-looking, but that is because the shutters are close and the curtains thick.

The wind may shriek as fiercely as it likes about their walls; it may hurl itself as often as it pleases against their doors and windows; it may, like the sturdy and unmannered tramp it is, try its strength and ingenuity by turns to force an entrance and steal away a part of their comfort; but, secure behind closed oaks and drawn curtains, their owners can laugh at its fruitless efforts, and enjoy untroubled the cheerfulness it cannot disturb.

Old Serjeant Stronge was the fortunate possessor of one of the snuggest of these snug sets. It was high up in King's Bench Walk. On one side its windows opened out towards the gardens, on the other they overlooked the river.

In summer the situation was pleasant and picturesque; but in winter, when the trees, like huge, fantastic, skeletons, rattled their leafless branches in the wind, and when one heard, away in the distance, the surge and splash of the black, cold river as it rolled on in darkness towards the sea, it was weird and solitary enough.

But old Serjeant Stronge, as he cared little for the beauty of his chambers' situation in the summer, cared little for its weirdness in the winter.

When the north wind rattled against his windows, he only drew his curtains closer; when the river moaned gloomily between its banks, he only stirred up the blazing fire.

He was a hard, matter-of-fact man, who paid small attention to anything but his creature comforts, his pleadings, and his fee-book.

On this December evening, though the wind screamed, and the snow flew without, he enjoyed untroubled the comfort about him.

He sat in his easy-chair, in the old wainscoted room, before a roaring fire. On the table stood a reading-lamp, which threw a soft light over the floor, and by it was a decanter of rare port, from which, from time to time he helped himself.

The curtains were warm, the fire was bright, the wine was good; why should he care what the weather was like?

Indeed, Serjeant Stronge was in a particularly satisfied frame of mind that night, and he had two very good reasons for his satisfaction. The first was, with regard to Michaelmas Term, which that day had ended. He had just totted up his receipts for the term, and the result was all that he could desire. Never before had his fee-book for the Autumn sittings made so fair a show.

The second reason for his satisfaction was that, that night his son Charlie was to come to him. The Serjeant was a widower, and and Charlie was his only child. The lad was at Oxford, and as the Christmas Vacation had commenced, his father was expecting him at chambers to spend his holidays with him.

As he closed his fee-book, the old lawyer smiled to himself with satisfaction.

"Yes," he muttered, "that's excellent! Fifteen hundred guineas in about seven weeks—that's capital! My income this year is close upon seven thousand—not bad for a man who, thirty years ago, was worth exactly nothing at all. I'm getting rich now. I'm more successful than even I had ever hoped to be. Hillo! what's that?"

This exclamation was due to the noise produced by a tremendous burst of wind. Serjeant Stronge went to the window, drew aside the curtains, and looked out.

"Hum!" he said, as he turned back to the fire. "That's a bad night for Charlie's home coming. Well, well, he's young, strong, and well cared for, it shouldn't do him harm. When I was his age, though my coat was thin enough, Heaven knows, I wouldn't have cared a rush for it." Then he paused and reflected in silence for a moment. "Mrs. Aldridge!" he then cried out.

The laundress came in.

"Have you Master Charlie's room ready?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir," replied the laundress.

"A blazing fire, sheets well aired, and all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, very well. I think you can go home now."

"Thank you, sir. Good night."

When the laundress had withdrawn, the old lawyer once more gave himself up to reflection.

"Yes," he said to himself, after a little pause, "it's just as well things are going well with me, or Charlie's demands would come rather heavy. Last year he spent plenty, in all conscience, but it was nothing to this year. Well, well, I suppose it can't be helped. When I sent him to Oxford, I told him to get into the best set there, and he has done it, and living among them I suppose he must live like them."

Again the old lawyer relapsed into silence and reflection.

"Yes," he said again, after a long pause. "Yes, his intimacy with some of those young fellows should be of much service to him hereafter. Such friends as Lord Eustace Eustace, and the Hon. Fred Terrington, must be useful to a lad beginning life. Belonging to a good set at Oxford will bring him into a good set in London. What a start in life the boy has! Brought up at the best school and College in England, mixing as an equal with the sons of millionaires and noblemen, and backed by an income of thousands a year, what may he not aspire to! What might I not have been if I had had such a start! I began life without a shilling and without a friend, and here I am, at sixty, at the top of my profession, with a fortune saved and a seat in Parliament. What might I not have been if I had begun with education, position, and wealth to assist me! By heavens I'd have been before this the first man in England!"

The Serjeant, in his excitement, rose to his feet and paced the room for some moments.

"Ah, well, well," he said, as he resumed himself, "if I was too heavily handicapped to win the highest honors, Charlie will do that for me. In his path there are none of the obstacles which impeded me. All is open before him; he has only to go in and win. I have born the burden and heat of the day. Ay, he little knows how heavy that burden was; how I have toiled, and struggled, and hoped when everything seemed against me, until my brain ached heart grew sick. Ah! it's no easy task for a poor, unlettered, friendless man to conquer learning and fortune. But I did it—did it by labor, suffering, and self-denial—and now to him I look for my reward. It is his part to win for our name the rank and honors that age is coming to prevent my winning."

After this little oration, Serjeant Stronge once more gave himself up to silent reflection. He had continued silent and motionless for some time, when another terrific blast attracted his attention.

"Well, this is a wild night!" he muttered. "(It's nearly time Charlie was here—time altogether," he added, as he looked at the great old clock in the corner. "I wish he had arrived. There's no danger, I know; but still one cannot help feeling just a little uneasy on such a night as this. I wish the boy had arrived."

Serjeant Stronge rose to his feet, and began to pace the room restlessly. He was feeling a little anxious. The time at which his son was to arrive had come, and as yet there was no sign of him. He continued pacing the room for some time. Again he looked at the clock; it was now considerably past the appointed hour; but still there was no sign of the boy's coming. Every moment the Serjeant's uneasiness was becoming greater.

"What can be detaining him?" he exclaimed, anxiously. "I wonder can anything have happened to him? He is not, as a rule, unpunctual, and to-night, as he knows I'm awaiting him, he would be more than usually particular to be in time. I can't understand it. I wish he were here."

Just then another terrific blast struck against the windows, and made them rattle wildly in their firm sashes. It sent a shiver through Serjeant Stronge's frame, and filled him with an indefinite feeling of apprehension.

"I wish to goodness I knew where he is!" he said, despondingly.

He had scarcely spoken when he heard a knock at the door.

"Thank Heaven," he muttered in a relieved tone; "there he is at last."

Hurrying away he opened the door. When he did so he stepped back in surprise. The person at the door was not his son Charlie, but his nephew, Jack Whyte.

"Why, Jack," the Serjeant exclaimed, angry at the disappointment, "what brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Let me in, sir," answered Jack. "I have come about Charlie."

"About Charlie!" repeated the startled lawyer, turning very pale. "There's nothing wrong with him! He's not ill?"

"No, sir, he's not ill," replied Jack, uneasily. "Let me in, sir, and I'll tell you all about it."

Serjeant Stronge closed the door, and led the way into his cosy sitting room. When Jack Whyte entered, he turned and faced him.

"Jack," he said in a husky voice, "I see there is something wrong. What is it?"

Jack hesitated for a moment. He seemed half afraid to speak.

"Come, come, man," cried the old lawyer, angrily. "Out with it! Do you think I'm a woman or a child, that you can't trust yourself to tell me bad news? Don't keep me in suspense. Let me know the worst. Is Charlie dead?"

"No, no, sir," said Jack Whyte, hastily. "It's not that—it's quite different. It's—it's——" and again he hesitated.

"Well, if it's not that," cried the Serjeant, "what under heaven is it? For God's sake tell me what has happened."

"Well, sir, it's about a servant-girl at 'The Mitre,'" said Jack Whyte, still speaking in an embarrassed way. "He has written to me to break the news to you." And Jack paused.

"What is the news?" asked the Serjeant, with a fearful calmness.

"Well, sir," Jack stumbled on. "It seems sir, that he and she were——" again he paused.

"Go on," said the Serjeant, now ghastly pale.

"Were to be married this morning!"

The old lawyer gazed at Jack Whyte for a moment in silence. Then he sank into his easy chair and covered his face with his hands. Thus he sat in silence for what seemed to Jack Whyte hours. At length he spoke.

"My God!" he muttered, "and this is the reward for all my labor, and suffering, and self denial!"

* * * * * *

A year had elapsed, and the anniversary of that eventful night was arrived. It was as bitter and boisterous as its predecessor. The wind screamed fiercely through the deserted courts and desolate gardens of the Temple; the snow flew wildly about in scattered flakes; the moon's face was distorted by the angry clouds which swept continually across it. All nature seemed to be venting a long pent-up wrath upon a sinful world. Heaven help those who had no shelter for their heads that night!

Again Mr. Serjeant Stronge sat alone in his old chambers in King's Bench Walk; again everything about him bespoke ease and luxury. The fire danced and sparkled on the hearth; the lamp shed its soft light over the carpeted floor; the heavy curtains hid every token and cold and misery without.

But Mr. Serjeant Stronge was no longer the self satisfied, prosperous gentleman he was a year ago. Even as he sat there in the subdued light of the shaded lamp, one could have seen care, disappointment, and discontent in every line of his stern, worn face.

In his hand was a letter, which he had read and read again. It was from Charlie, his son, on whom he had looked with such pride, and from whom he had expected such great things, only a year ago.

"DEAR FATHER," it ran, "this is the anniversary of that morning when I committed the sin against you for which it seems there is no forgiveness. Since you then disowned me, the sorrow and suffering I have gone through no tongue can tell. My miseries have now reached a climax. Foodless myself for days, my hapless wife and innocent child are now languishing for want of bread. I cannot and will not bear it any longer.

"I do not ask for your forgiveness for myself, I know it would be useless to do so; but what I do ask and demand is, that you shall my poor wife and child from starvation. If I cannot get that from your love, I will wring it from your shame.

"If I do not receive any reply to this today, to-night I will call at King's Bench Walk. Then if you still refuse me, by the Heaven that will judge us both, neither you or any other man shall ever again have a chance of granting or refusing me anything! For Heaven's sake, father, do not drive your own child to a desperate death. —Your unfortunate Son, CHARLIE."

As the old lawyer read this letter for the twentieth time, he crushed it up in his hand and flung it into the waste basket.

"The fool!" he said, bitterly; "he thinks to intimidate me by his threats! Me! He should have known me better before this. Fear of anything man can do never yet turned me from my path. Even if I thought him capable of doing as he says, what do I care? But, if he does not know me, I know him. He give up his precious life! Pshaw! The braggart, the weakling—he was always fond of acting."

Striving to work up his rage and contempt, Serjeant Stronge rose to his feet and walked up and down the room. "And he'll come here to night, will he?" he said as he walked. "I think he should be tired of that trick by this time! How many times has he knocked at my door here and in Pump Court, and what has he ever gained but insults and rebuffs? What a pitiful creature he is! Always whining that he is starving, and that his scullery-maid and her brat are starving too! Why, if he were more of a man I might pity him, but—pah—his spiritlessness disgusts me as much as his marriage. If I had been in his shoes, would I have begged and snivelled? No, never! I should have worked—worked like the man I am—and made my way in the world without a human being's aid. That's what I did do, and see what I am now, and what—oh, Heaven—what I should have made him if he would only have let me!"

And the old lawyer flung himself with a sob into his chair; and groaned over the ruin of his hopes, the baulking of his life's ambition!

He sat there silently for a long time gazing into the fire, and thinking over again and again the things that might have been, and the things that were.

What hopes, what high hopes and soaring ambitions had once been his, and how this foolish lad, in a single moment, had wrecked and blasted them all for ever!

How vain are human wishes and human foresight, when all works and plans of a wise and strong man's life can be brought to nothing by the folly of a boy!

He sat there for a long time thinking, not sadly so much as fiercely and furiously. Then he roused himself with a start, and looked at the great old clock in the corner.

"It's getting late," he muttered. "He will be here soon. What shall I do? Open to his knock, and bid him begone? Or let him knock and knock, and depart unanswered?"

He sat silently thinking which course he should adopt. Suddenly his mediations were interrupted.

"Tap, tap, tap!" sounded with startling abruptness on the outside door.

The old lawyer was taken off his guard, and started violently at the sound. His son had arrived before he was expected.

Sitting erect in his chair, Serjeant Stronge felt for once in his life irresolute. Should he see his son, or should he not? What would he say or do if he did see him? And if he did not see him, what would happen then.

A struggle was going on in Serjeant Stronge's mind; a struggle, though he might not have admitted it, between anger and love, between resentment and pity. In spite of all his hard thought and harder language about his boy, just then it was an even chance whether he should forgive him or not.

Unfortunately—as often happens in the most serious of human affairs—the event was decided by an accident. Charlie Stronge only knocked once at his father's door—he waited but a minute. Then, hopeless apparently of an answer, he turned, and, with a broken heart, went slowly down the long stairs. If he had but knocked twice, if he had waited only

a moment more—who can say what way the terrible struggle in his father's breast might have gone? As it was, the event was decided before that struggle had come to an end.

Eagerly, breathlessly the old lawyer listened to the young man's heavy footsteps as they resounded on the boarded steps. Tramp, tramp, slowly and sadly the sounds came up to him; faint and more faint they gradually became; now they came from the second landing; now from the first; now they ceased.

As the echo of the last footstep died away, the great old clock in the corner chimed out the hour loud and clear. It struck ten.

Recalled to himself by the sound, the old lawyer, with a gasp, threw himself back in his chair, and realized that an issue perhaps of life and death had been decided for ever.

"Let him go," he said to himself, after a pause. "Let him go; he'll do himself no ill. I dare say he'll be back again to-morrow."

Though he said this for his own comfort, he felt no assurance that it would prove true. He knew that his son was in desperate straits—he knew that he had attained the very limits of human misery; and though he believed that he was of a weak and irresolute nature, still he felt that it was just weak and irresolute natures that were the most ready to resort to fearful measures when in dire distress.

The strong man hopes against hope, and struggles against fate itself; the weak one gives up the contest soon, and abandons himself to a hopeless and reckless despair.

These reflections now pressed on the old lawyer's mind with fearful weight. What if Charlie did as he had threatened, and took away his life? That dreadful question stuck in his mind. It would not go away; it would give him no peace, no rest. Do what he would, there it remained at the door of his conscience, knocking, knocking continually, and imperiously demanding an answer.

Now that the supreme trial of his determination had come, it broke completely down. All the old deep love of his handsome, dashing boy came rushing back upon him. Visions of what he had been appeared before his aching memory. He remembered him as a pretty, prattling child by his dead mother's knee—that loved and lost one whom the old lawyer had cherished and mourned for with all the energy of his fierce, strong soul———: as the little laughing school-boy who used to brighten everything around him by the sunshine of his presence; as the lad setting out for Oxford full of anticipations of pleasure and success, full of the exultant, intoxicating spirit of youth.

And to think that, perhaps at that very moment the black waters of the Thames rolled over that youthful face, over those glancing eyes, now closed and dull in death—the thought was agonizing, maddening!

Torn by sorrow, remorse, and shame, the unhappy old man spent the night wandering aimlessly about the room, and sitting in his easy chair, gazing into the dull embers on the hearth. For him there was no rest or sleep that night; and when the wintry morning broke, it showed his face—that but the previous day had been full of a high, indomitable spirit—weak and nervous as a frightened child's.

Dawn was slowly brightening into day, when the old lawyer's excited ear caught the sound of footsteps slowly ascending. At length they reached the Serjeant's door. A knock. It is at his door. Was it Charlie? or was it———

Almost fainting with a fearful apprehension, the old lawyer staggered along the corridor to the door. He opened it. A policeman was there.

"Serjeant Stronge, sir?" he said, touching his helmet.

"Yes," answered the Serjeant, hoarsely.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the policeman, "for disturbing you, sir———"

"What is it?" asked the old lawyer, now almost unable to stand with faintness.

"Well, sir, we found this on the body of a young man found in the river, and we thought you might know something of him."

He handed the Serjeant a slip of paper. Steadying his trembling form against the lintel of the door, the old lawyer examined it. There he found these words scribbled in his son's hand:

"Mr. Serjeant Stronge, King's Bench Walk. I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called his son."

* * * * * *

That day was a day of horrors for Serjeant Stronge. When he had sufficiently recovered from the shock of the announce- of his son's suicide, he went down to the mortuary, where he saw the poor lad lying stark and stiff; his famished face and threadbare clothes bearing fearful testimony to the misery he had suffered, before the kindly Thames had given him repose for ever.

Horror-stricken by the sight; conscience-stricken by the frightful result of his resentment, the broken-hearted, broken-spirited old man made enquiries for the widow and child.

Their residence was soon discovered in the fourth floor of a rickety house up a squalid alley. With trembling steps the Serjeant followed a policeman there. He found the widow frenzied with sorrow for her husband's loss. She may have been only a scullery-maid, but she adored, with her whole heart and soul, the young gentleman who had loved her with an honest love.

She had never seen the Serjeant, and did not know him; but when the policeman who had guided him there, told her who he was, she greeted him with a wild cry of "Murderer!" The old man horrified beyond expression, tried to appease her by proffers of existence, but she spurned them with a furious contempt.

The scene was horribly painful, and on the old lawyer's already shattered nerves it had a fearful effect. When, at last, he left the wretched apartment and the raving woman, he was so weak that it was only by the policeman's help that he was enabled to get down the shaky stairs and into the cab that awaited him below.

That night when he returned to King's Bench Walk and sat down before the fire, his face was as white and ghastly as the face of the dead.

He had not been a kind master to his old laundress, but so pitiful was his condition that her heart was melted towards him.

She stayed long in the room, in the hope that she might be of service to him; but he seemed to be unconscious of her presence.

At last she asked him if she could do nothing for him. The sound of her voice startled him from his reverie; but when he realized who it was that spoke, he irritably told her to get home.

With a bitter feeling that no trials or affections could ever change him, she obeyed his order.

After her departure he sat motionless for a long time, gazing in silence into the glowing fire before him. What agonized feelings of sorrow and remorse tore his broken spirit!

What bitter recollections of the long distant, but unforgotten past—of his dead Edith and his dead boy—passed through his whirling brain.

With a heart so firm and a mind so strong as his, the little griefs which vex little men pass unnoticed; but when the great griefs come, the griefs that can break such a heart and unsettle such a mind, the agonies suffered are those of a giant.

The storm which had raged the previous night was now gone, and a dead calm reigned in its stead. Not a sound was to be heard among the leafless trees and deserted courts without; not a whisper of the wind, not an echo of human voice or step.

Inside, a still deeper silence, if possible, prevailed. Not a draught rustled the heavy curtains; not a mouse scampered behind the ancient wainscoting; even the fire itself had ceased to hiss and crackle, and lay in glowing embers on the hearth.

No noise broke the oppressive silence, save one: the great old clock in the corner went on tick tick, tick-tick, ceaselessly and calmly, like the footsteps of an ever-pursuing, inevitable fate.

As the old lawyer sat that night amid that profound silence, gazing into the glowing coals and musing mournfully over his sorrows, a strange thought entered his troubled mind.

Hitherto he had been emphatically the strong man who relied on his own strength. He had laughed at those weak souls who trusted to luck, or fate, or Heaven, by whatever name they called it he cared little.

For himself, he trusted only to himself; and he was convinced that by his own right arm he could, and would, shape his own destiny. Now it occurred to him, for the first time, that, after all, perhaps he—he, John Stronge— was a plaything in the hands of an irresistible and unknown Power.

The thought startled, staggered him. Could it be that what he had laughed at as foolishness was the highest wisdom? Could it be that his whole life's work had been planned on a wrong principle—that he had not considered what should have been the chief consideration? In his weak, spirit broken state, he felt inclined to believe it.

Influenced by this, to him, unusual train of thought, he roused himself and searched out from among his books one that he had not opened for many a year. It was a present given to him, during their courtship, by his dead Edith. What recollections that old book recalled! what recollections of youth, and love, and happiness, of that sweet past, before fiery ambition had made his soul as clay is hardened in a furnace!

That book was the Bible. Opening it at random he read. As he read, the stillness around seemed to become more and more profound. Outside, not a murmur was to be heard; inside, the very ticking of the great old clock seemed for the time to cease. A strange, intense, unnatural silence pervaded everything.

He read on, only half realising what he read; his mind was too much occupied by the fearful scenes and experiences of the day to be easily fixed on anything else.

But gradually his attention became more and more attracted, until at last it was rivetted on the page before him. A feeling of fear, a sense of the supernatural seized upon him, for he found that by some strange chance he had opened the Bible at that passage which of all others applied to his present circumstances.

He had opened it at the Parable of the Prodigal Son. As he read, the silence became more and more oppressively intense.

"And he arose," the old lawyer read, "and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

"And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

"But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

"And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry:

"For this my son was dead, and is alive again———"

"Tap, tap, tap," sounded suddenly on the outside door through the preternatural silence.

With a gasp the old lawyer sprang to his feet. Holding by the mantelpiece to steady his trembling form, he waited for a repetition of the knock; quivering with fear, pale with excitement, he waited.

Everything was as silent as the grave. Suddenly the great old clock in the corner chimed out the hour, loud and clear. It struck ten.

Sweating with agony and terror, the old lawyer stood waiting for a renewal of the knock. He waited in vain. None came. Everything remained as silent as the grave. There was no sound of footsteps on the stairs. There was no sound of human motion or human presence. The knock seemed like a summons from the dead!

At length, almost fainting with weakness and fear, Serjeant Stronge sank back into his chair, and sat there for a long time trembling. An hour had elapsed before he had recovered sufficient calmness to think reasonably of the sound he seemed to have heard.

"My mind is getting unhinged," he then said to himself. "My imagination is playing me tricks. Trouble is unnerving me altogether. I must pull myself together—must make an effort to take my mind off these ghastly subjects, or I shall go raving mad."

He rose nervously, and put some fresh coals on the fire. He took the shade off the reading-lamp, and turned up the flame to its highest point. He wanted light, more light. Darkness had become a terror to him. But yesterday he was a man who would have faced anything; to-day sorrow and remorse had made him a child again who feared the dark.

That night Serjeant Stronge did not go to bed. Through the long hours of darkness he sat before the blazing fire with his lamp burning high, and trembled if a curtain rustled or a window creaked.

The next morning being Monday, his old clerk called according to his custom at King's Bench Walk, bringing with him the letters from Serjeant's Stronge's business chambers at Pump Court.

"I can't attend to business for the present, John," the Serjeant said to him. "Tell any client who asks about me that I cannot be seen till after the Vacation."

"I will, sir," answered the old clerk, who had seen all about his master's calamities in the morning papers.

"And, John," said the Serjeant, "just come back here in the evening. I may want you to stop with me over night. The troubles I've gone through since Saturday have quite unnerved me. I'm actually afraid to stay here at night alone."

"Yes, sir," replied the old clerk, dutifully.

He had not been used to being spoken to by his master in that gentle way, and the softening of the Serjeant's manner touched him.

"And, John," the Serjeant went on, "you might go round to 12, Bute's Court, where my son's widow lives, and see if you can induce her to accept help. She refused it from me yesterday; but she was wild with despair. She may be calmer and more reasonable to day. I'm too weak and—and nervous to see her again myself."

"Yes, sir," answered the old clerk.

The change in the Serjeant was amazing to John Mundie, and pathetic, too. He felt deeply for that man whom he had so long known as proud, strong, and arbitrary, and whom he now saw so soft and feeble. He could well imagine how fearful the suffering must have been which had wrought such a revolution.

In the evening the old clerk came back to the Serjeant's resident chambers. In reply to his master's enquiries, he told him that his son's widow had become so ill that there was danger of her speedy death. He had had her removed to the hospital, and had taken the child home to his own wife.

"John," said the old lawyer, "you have been kinder to my own flesh an blood than I have been. Heaven bless you for it! 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall have mercy.' You can sleep in Charl———in the vacant room, John, and leave your door open, so as to hear me if I call."

"Yes, sir," said John, and walked off to the old room; which poor Charlie, when he was at home, used to occupy.

That night, as on the previous one, the old lawyer placed himself in his easy-chair before the fire, and gave up his mind to the terrible occurrences of the two previous days and nights.

He had endeavoured to divert his thoughts to something else, with very scant success but, as the evening came on, he ceased to struggle. He felt that it was useless; and that for the present nothing else could occupy his attention.

Though worn out by misery and fatigue, he never for a moment slept. There he sat, silent and motionless as a statue, but with his eyes open and ears alert.

As the dreaded hour of the night—at which his son paid him that last sad visit—drew near, he began to feel sensations of terror and apprehension coming over him once more.

From the moment the great old clock struck nine, his eyes never for an instant left its face. He watched the minute hand slowly making the revolution of the dial; and as it drew closer and closer to the fatal hour, his excitement grew greater and greater, until it was agonising.

At last only five minutes remained. Tick-tick, tick-tick. Slowly and more slowly the moments seemed to pass. He watched and watched, but the hand seemed stationary. It seemed to take an hour; but at last it reached three. Now, breathless with excitement, trembling with anticipation, he watched it creep on to two.

"Tap, tap, tap," sounded suddenly on the outside door.

With a face blanched and convulsed with terror the old lawyer sprang to his feet, and tried to call John. His throat and lips were so parched that they could make no sound. He tried once, he tried twice. With mind and body both paralysed he stood there, unable to speak or move.

Suddenly the great old clock in the corner chimed out the hour loud and clear. It struck ten. Then, gasping and quivering, the Serjeant found his voice.

"John," he called out, hoarsely, "I think I heard a knock at the door. See if there's any one there."

"Yes, sir," responded John's voice.

The Serjeant heard the old clerk come out of his room and open the door. A moment afterwards he came into the sitting-room.

"No, sir," he said; "there's no one there."

"Thank you," answered the old lawyer, trying, vainly, to control the trembling of his voice. "I must have been mistaken."

Another night passed—a night of terror and agony for the old lawyer. His nerves had got thoroughly unstrung, and he could not sleep or rest.

Once, worn out with fatigue, he had dozed for a moment in his chair. In that moment a fearful vision came before his sleeping eyes. His dead son as he had seen him, stark and cold, rose up before him. The phantom, though dead, was alive, for it raised its clammy hand and pointed reproachfully at him. He awoke with a scream of terror, which brought the trembling clerk hurrying into the room.

During the following day, Serjeant Stronge recovered some of his old strength and calmness. This was caused, partly, by the good news he heard, and partly by the good act he did. He heard that his son's widow was progressing favorably, and that now there was great hope of her ultimate recovery. He gave directions that every care and comfort that money could secure should be given to her. Then he did what appeared to him now in the light of an act of reparation.

He executed a will in favor of his son's widow and child. Save one thousand pounds given to his clerk and five hundred given to his laundress, all his immense fortune he bequeathed for their benefit.

His calmness, however, was not so strong as to be quite proof against any trial. As night approached, so much of his old nervousness and terror came back upon him as to make him think it wise to request John again to stop over night at his chambers.

Again the old lawyer seated himself before the fire, and again, as the hour of ten approached, he watched the great old clock. But this time he had his nerves under better control than before. He felt deeply excited, it is true; but his will, strong once more, kept the excitement in check. He was resolved that he should not, that night, let any delusions of his imagination run away with his reason.

He watched the clock with close attention. Gradually the minute hand made the revolution of the dial; his excitement grew as it approached the hour. It was now ten minutes to ten. It was now five minutes—now four—now three—now two———

"Tap, tap, tap," sounded suddenly from the outside door. He heard the knocking clearly and distinctly.

For a moment or two the old lawyer's terror was too much for him. He stood where he had sprung up when the first knock sounded, motionless and trembling. Then, with a last desperate effort of his iron will he threw off his weakness.

"I'll be a coward no longer," he muttered to himself. "I'll show myself that this sound is the creation of my own imagination."

Nerving himself with a mighty effort, he left the room and walked down the corridor to the door. As he put out his hand to open it, the great old clock in the corner chimed out loud and clear. It struck ten.

As its last peal sounded through the chambers, the old clerk heard a scream of wildest terror, and the sound of a body falling. Rushing out of his room, he found the Serjeant lying in the corridor, opposite the open door.

Frightened half out of his wits, John lifted his master's head. To his horror and amazement the old lawyer was dead!

THE PRESENT LIFE.—The present life is sleeping and waking; it is "good-night" on going to bed, and "good-morning" on getting up.

It is to walk in the garden, and see the flower opens, and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from east, west, north and south; it is to to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music.

It is to have Sundays; it is to pray with a family morning and evening; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to be well, and sometimes to be ill; it is to have business to do, and to do it; it is to have breakfast, and dinner, and tea.

It is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be in one circle of acquaintance; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have sight of dear old faces; and with some men it is to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years.

And it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grand-children and many friends.

To The Point.

BY J. T. THATCHER.

"IF there's one thing more to be despised than another," said Miranda Flint, bringing down her smoothing iron with a decided thump on the snowy linen before her, "it's a man who courts one half his natural life without bringing matters to a close."

"Very true," replied her sister, glancing up from her sewing; "and it's my opinion that Silas Weeks is a-hankering after you quite long enough. I'd have give him his walking papers long ago, if I was you."

"No, you wouldn't," replied Miranda, with a toss of her flaxen head. "I ain't wasted ten years for nothing, and I mean to bring him to the point, or my name ain't Mirandy Flint."

"Time you did," said Priscilla, "if you don't want a place on the shelf, as you're nigh onto thirty years now."

She laughed spitefully as she gathered up the drifts of snowy muslin—new curtains for the sitting-room—and walking out into the garden, left Miranda very much excited.

To say that young ladey's face was scarlet would be only a mild expression; it was a bright crimson, outrivalling the huge poppies nodding at the casement.

Sisters are not always the best of friends. One would suppose by our narrative that the Misses Flint were antagonistic. Far from it; they only disagreed on one point, or, rather, one individual—Silas Weeks, Miranda's "young man."

Priscilla had no pretensions whatever to good looks, while her sister was quite an acknowledged belle.

Her hair was flaxen, eyes blue, cheeks as rosy as apples, reminding on of a very bright chromo, only dispelling the illusion by laughing occasionally and displaying a faultless set of teeth.

Many a country swain sighed for a glance of encouragement; sighing, alas! in vain, however, as Miranda's heart and hand, were already spoken for.

Silas Weeks was the lucky suitor. Once he had obtained the girl's promise to become his wife, he appeared in no hurry at all to settle down to married life, preferring to "keep company," as Miranda expressed it, "one half his natural life."

To be sure, he meant to marry the girl, in his own good time, never dreaming that by his conduct he was submitting her to the idle gossip of the village.

He was a saving fellow, rather inclined to be stingy. It was less expensive to keep one than two, or perhaps more; for Silas Weeks was a far-seeing fellow.

The spring drifted into summer, the bright autumn came, snows of many winters passed.

Miranda saw scores of her companions married and settled, while she remained Miss Flint.

Not until she realized that the face her mirror reflected was not quite so fair as it used to be, that the blue eyes were growing dimmer, the roses fading from her cheeks, was she determined to bring her lover to the point.

"I'm just glad," said Priscilla, dropping down into the first seat she came to, "that Mirandy's coming to her senses; but I'm afraid that she'll never be married. I'm sorry I mentioned her age; it always riles her so. But then she knows it; and even if she should forget, it's written down in the family Bible in black and white, and there's no denying figures."

After which burst of feeling she went back to her sewing, singing snatches of an old love-song.

Thump, thump! went the smoothing iron while Miranda, with flushed face bent over it.

"I'll just tell him how Ephraim Brown invited me to the Sunday school treat, that'll bring him round. He's awfully jealous, Silas is."

She smiled proudly at the thought of her lover's jealousy.

There is nothing that will make a woman more independent of her old suitor than the advances of a new one.

Never did Miss Flint look more bewitching than on that soft summer evening, when, dressed in a neat muslin, set off with bright ribbon bows, she waited for her lover.

He came down the long country road, whistling a merry tune.

"Gracious, Mirandy!" he exclaimed drawing up in front of the gate; "you do look stunning, though! I've half a mind to eat you up."

Miranda looked very dignified, quite unlike a young lady to be made a meal of, as she gravely replied, "Oh, don't do that, Silas; you might be sorry for it!"

He spent that evening as he had spent many others in the trim little sitting-room, listening to Miranda play so sweet on the organ.

They missed Priscilla's sweet soprano to join them in singing. She was having a good cry to think of Miranda's "dressing up to receive that good-for-nothing sort of a fellow."

"Going to the school-treat?" asked Silas of the lady love.

"I think so," said Miranda, playing nervously with the roses of her bodice. "That is—Ephraim Brown wants me to go with him, and I've not quite made up my mind yet;" and she looked up coquettishly into his face.

Ephraim Brown! If the ground had suddenly opened beneath his feet, Silas could not have been more astonished.

His face flushed, then grew suddenly pale, as, thrusting his hands down deep into his pockets, he exclaimed, "Look here, Mirandy, so long as you and me's keeping company, I'll have none of this nonsense. You'll go to the school treat with me—do you understand?"

So saying, he was off, omitting the customary kiss.

Poor Miranda! She felt that she had made a dreadful mistake. What if Silas should go away and leave her? How Priscilla would laugh and call her an old maid!

"Never mind," she said, as she arranged her back hair for the night; "I'll try something else. I'll tell him that Aunt Chary has written for me to come and live with her. He'll never hear of me going so far. Of course, it's not true: it's a downright fib; but then women folks have to do something to bring tardy lovers to terms, and I won't be an old maid—so there!"

With this she blew the candle out, and was soon safely tucked in bed, dreaming that Silas and she were going to the church, when, horrors! the carriage broke down. After tying it up as best they could, they started once more on their journey, only to meet with a second delay, for the horses stood still, utterly refusing to go another step, while the entire village laughed and jeered.

How long they would have remained thus she did not know, as the harsh voice of Priscilla broke upon her slumbers.

"Do get up, Mirandy!" she fairly shrieked. "Sit up half the night courtin'," she added, "and lie abed the next day!"

The morning sun was streaming in the little window as she awoke, but little refreshed for her night's rest, and more determined than ever, after that horrid dream, of bringing Silas Weeks to the point.

Her lover called the following evening. It took more than a twinge of jealousy to frighten him off. Again Mirandy played the organ, while he sat opposite in a comfortable arm-chair, with his head thrown back, and long legs outstretched, just as he had sat and listened three evenings out of the week for ten long years. Priscilla had condescended to come into the parlor and sing, in a high-pitched voice, "Oh, be Joyful."

Mirandy did not again refer to Ephraim Brown's invitation. She simply told her lover in a very matter-of-fact way of her intention of making a home with her aunt, happy in the thought that the subdued light in the room kindly hid from view her tell-tale face, for Miss Flint was not given to telling untruths, and felt rather ashamed of this fall from virtue.

She listened with fluttering heart for his response. Would he agree to her leaving him, after all these years of devotion?

"Now, Mirandy," he broke forth, in that nasal, drawling tone so familiar to her, "you ain't a goin' to leave me, not if I know it. I wouldn't believe it till I saw you goin', bag and baggage. Just wait till you and me gits married afore you talk of goin' to foreign parts."

So saying, he crossed one long, lank limb over the other, and remarked drily, "Let's have a little music; and, Mirandy, if you don't mind, give us a verse of the 'Sweet By-and-by.' I always find it kind of soothing."

She sang, in a trembling voice, that sweet old hymn, and then found Silas, hat in hand, ready to depart.

"No nearer the point than ever!" she sobbed, as the last echo of his footsteps died upon her ears. "Well, I must do something desperate. I love Silas, and I think that he loves me just a little, although Priscilla says he doesn't give the snap of his finger for me, but I know that he does, or he would never have riled up so at my going to the school-treat with Ephraim Brown. He says"—and she brushed the flaxen hair back from her flushed and tear-stained face—"that he'll never believe, until he sees my bag and baggage, that I'm going. Well, he shall see them!" she added, while a determined look came into the little woman's face.

Two weeks rolled by. It was a sultry day in July as Silas Weeks came strolling over the dusty country road, a great straw hat shading his bronzed face, on which there was a pleased and gratified expression.

He had sold a team of horses, thereby realizing a goodly sum. His thoughts turned to Mirandy.

"I'll buy her something stunning," he said, half-aloud. "You've got to keep these women folks in good humor."

An approaching vehicle interrupted his meditations.

Thinking it a neighbor to whom he might impart his good fortune, he glanced up, when, lo! was he dreaming? Before him, fully equipped for a long journey, he saw his lady-love.

Yes, 'twas Mirandy, sure enough, with a determined look upon her face, while piled up behind her on the trap were all her worldly possessions, including household effects and a huge green parrot.

"Why, Mirandy," gasped the dumbfounded lover, "where are you going?"

"Going!" And Mirandy Flint's eyes flashed with indignation. "Silas Weeks, I'm going to leave this part of the country. You an' me's been keepin' company quite long enough. If you don't want me, there's someone else as does. I'm in hurry," she continued, "to catch the train. If you'll allow me, Mr. Weeks, I'll be gettin' on."

"But, Mirandy," he exclaimed catching hold of the horse's bridle, "don't do anything rash! Listen," he continued. "What would you have me do? Just you mention it, and 'twill be done in the twinkling of an eye, Mirandy."

"What would I have you do?" said Miss Flint, grasping tighter the reins. "Just go to the church with me, and get yoked."

He looked dumfounded as he replied, "You'll let me go home and get these togs off, won't you? We'll go next week, certain."

"No, you don't!" said Miranda. "It would take another ten years to make up your mind what colored trousers you'd wear."

One look into her face convinced him that, woman-like,

"When she will, she will,
You may depend on't;
And when she won't, she won't,
So there's an end on't."

Away down deep in his heart this simple country fellow loved the girl, and the very thought of losing her well-nigh drove him mad. He had calculated upon marrying after harvest time. But Miranda was determined to hurry matters up; and sitting with a "take me or leave me" expression on her fair face, he knew nothing would appease her anger but to get married at once.

Helping the indignant girl from her elevated position, they went directly to the town, and procured a special license.

Armed with this, they returned to the Parsonage.

Now, the clergyman was a slender, meek little fellow—a man not likely to be attacked with apoplexy; yet he told a friend (confidently, of course) that when he saw Silas and Miranda coming, he thought that he was going to have an attack of that dreadful disease.

Repairing to the church, it took but a few minutes to make them man and wife, and the groom bestowed upon the parson a most liberal wedding fee.

The newly-wedded couple drove home, taking Priscilla completely by surprise as Silas remarked, winking knowingly the while, "Come, now, sister, and shake hands with Mrs. Weeks, won't you?"

How the busy tongues of the village gossips wagged!

"Well," said one, "I never thought that Silas Weeks would marry Mirandy Flint!"

They are happy in their little home, he content with the idea that he captured Miranda before she went away.

"Had I stayed another half-hour to close that bargain," he would say, "I'd 'a lost her, sure's my name's Silas Weeks!"

The clever little woman laughs to think that she hadn't the remotest idea of leaving the village.

"I only wanted to bring him to the point," she says; "and I did or my name ain't Mirandy Weeks!"

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.—There is a story told of a certain Eastern monarch who placed midway in one of the roads leading to his capital a huge stone, and sat himself down to watch the way of all sinners.

On they came—troops of knights, numbers of workmen, heavily loaded drays. Each in turn found his path obstructed by the big stone. Most turned aside, and made a new path by going around it.

A few paused and tried to lift it; but it was heavy, and there was the path around it, less direct to be sure, but so much easier to take; and sooner or later the stone dropped from their weary hands into its old place, and they went on their way, leaving it for the next comer to stumble over as they has done. At last, however, came a man of another mould. That it was wearisome work to strain alone at a great stone was nothing to him.

It was in his way; it was in the way of his neighbors; it should be removed. That he could go round it he did not allow to enter his mind, even when his breath came quickly and his brow was covered with large drops of sweat.

At last it yielded, rolled on one side, and, behold, beneath it lay a great bag of gold! The watching monarch, too, came forward and claimed him as the man he had been seeking for his grand vizier.

JUVENILE DEFINITIONS.—A Boston paper gives the following as instances "of the power of words over the youthful intelligence:"

"Stability is the taking care of a stable."

"Stability is stable as in general."

"A mosquito is the child of black and white parents."

"Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation."

"Doxology, dropsy in the head."

"Ironical, something very hard."

"Monastery, a place for monsters."

"A rifle is a sort of gun."

"Ventilation is letting in contaminated air."

"A rehearsal is what they have at a funeral."

"Expostulation is to have the smallpox."

"The man was very cursory because he swore a great deal."

"Cannibal is two brothers that killed themselves in the Bible."

"An impulse is what the doctor takes hold of to feel if you are sick."

"A diphthong is a very contagious disease."

"The boy was sick with information."

IF there be a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human vices, it is ingratitude.

"MEN, like trees, begin to grow old at the top." Avoid the first appearance of growing old by keeping the hair in a vigorous and healthful condition by the use of

Warner's Log Cabin HAIR TONIC.
Sold by druggists.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

The latest fad is to be Russian in everything we do. We read a Russian novel, look agape at Russian pictures, listen to Russian music, cover our furniture and floors with furs and skins—not because it is cold here and we need the warmth, but because "that's the way they do in Russia."

The insidious character of the danger lurking in electric light wires in the street was further exemplified the other day in Baltimore. Two individuals conversing by an iron awning post were observed to fall suddenly to the ground. A broken telephone wire had established communication between the electric light wire and the framework of the awning. The strength of the current was doubtless divided, and the victims eventually recovered their senses.

A Boston girl has received fifty-two cups and saucers sent by friends with congratulations on her engagement, according to the most recent "wrinkle" in society. No two are alike. One of these cups is the delicate rose tinted Irish ware, frail enough to crush in a lady's hand, and whose creamy lining looks as flimsy as nature's lining of an eggshell, while the varying thickness of the lines gives it a beautiful translucent effect.

The Empress of Austria is threatened with the kind of paralysis that proceeds from the hardening of the posterior cords of the spine. The symptoms are fatigue after the least exertion, gastric troubles and too great contractility of the muscles. She does not sometimes well feel the ground under her feet when she walks. Her beautiful hair is changing. She is still fond of her pet animals, but has lost interest in most other things that formerly gave zest to her life, and she constantly frets for her dead son.

A point d'Alencon shawl has been known to sell for $10,000. One of the most marvellous laces owned by the Empress Eugenie was a point de Bruxelles shawl. No less than eighty experts were employed in making it, and it cost $22,000 in gold. It is in imitation of Royal Venice point, in its magnificent web, in the tracery of the Renaissance period, and its devices of antique figures and Moorish conceits. Heavy forms droop over the almost invisible mesh, there are groups of medallions set in exquisite garlands of foliage, and the borders are worked around concealed horsehair, to greater stiffness.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES.

Notwithstanding the enormous fortunes accumulated through the use of printer's ink, large sums of money are annually wasted in ineffectual and unremunerative advertising.

The merits of a really valuable commodity properly portrayed in the columns of an influential and widely read newspaper, like THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will speedily become generally known and appreciated, while the returns reaped by the advertiser will be like those of the wise husbandman who "planted his seed in good ground, wherein it bore fruit and brought forth, some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

The wording of an advertisement is an all important matter.

Clearness, attractiveness, brevity and sincerity must characterize any announcement intended to catch the public eye and appeal to public confidence. An advertisement inserted in a London journal a few days ago brought instant and multitudinous replies accompanied by an almost unlimited supply of bank notes, simply because it touched the chord of nature which makes all mankind akin. Its simple pathos and self-evident truthfulness appealed to every heart.

The advertiser sought for a lost relative, and giving his name, said "I am ill and friendless. My last half crown is expended in paying for this advertisement. Write me at"—(giving the address). As already stated, nearly every one who read the announcement hastened to relieve the necessities of the sufferer a real sufferer in this case, though many swindles are perpetrated in the divine name of charity.

Thus it is with a really meritorious commodity or preparation; if its virtues be properly and truthfully set forth in the public press, its success is prompt and certain.

On the other hand, the public is quick and unerring to detect deception and charlatanry; and, accordingly, no amount of "puffery" will force a vile nostrum into public esteem and patronage. Untold sums have been sunk in vain efforts to advertise into popularity so called medical preparations which did not possess the virtues or properties claimed for them.

Valuable medicines, however like Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, carry their own best commendation in their power to cure the particular diseases for which they are a specific.

They require no labored panegyric to convince the people of their power and efficacy, for they have been tried and found perfect.

Nature's remedies, by their own intrinsic merits have conferred a lasting boon upon mankind, and they have secured an enviable reputation and unlimited sale throughout the civilized world.

Our Young Folks.

THE SUNBEAM OF THE TOWER.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

THE old white-haired prisoner in the Tower of London had long since given up all thoughts of release. He had offended Queen Elizabeth far too seriously ever to hope for pardon; for he had taken up the cause of Mary Queen of Scots, and had been amongst the foremost of those who tried to place her upon the throne of England.

Well, it was for the sake of this queen that the old white haired prisoner lay languishing in the Tower.

All the day long and all the night through he thought of those he loved, and grieved because he might not see them and hear their dear voices.

There was his daughter, a gentle stately lady, and her son, a brave fair-haired boy, Jamie, whom everyone loved, and little Mary, a queen in her own little childish way—bonnie wee Mary, who sat on his knee and sang to him snatches of sweet Scottish melodies, and threw her arms around him, telling him again and again how she loved him.

Ah! if he could only hear those tunes just for once—if he could only hold her in his arms for a few short minutes and kiss her little face! But he only heard her and saw her in his dreams—those long day-dreams and those long night dreams. But he often spoke of her to the gaoler's little daughter Joyce, who loved him, and used to coax her father to let her spend an hour or so with the white-haired prisoner.

"You can turn the key on me too, father," she said pleadingly. "I shan't be afraid!"

And her father could not refuse her. And so it came about that little Joyce and David McLachan formed a great friendship. Sometimes she brought her work with her and listened to his stories about Jamie and Mary. He called her his 'Sunbeam.' He looked for her every day, just as we look for the golden sun.

One week she was ill, and all that week seemed to him longer than a century, he thought. He was so grateful to see her dear little face again.

'Sunbeam,' he said, "the weather has been so cloudy without you. See, I've kept a flower you sent me when you could not come yourself. But even flowers do not get on well without the sun. As for myself, I am very weary."

"O," she said, as she took his hand and held it in her own tiny hands, "you're looking ill, and very, very sad. How I wish I were the great Queen, and could let you go free, back again to Jamie and bonnie Mary. It must be a great thing to be a queen, and be able to do good to just whom one likes. Perhaps if the Queen knew you were here she would come and open the prison door herself.'

"She knows only too well that I am here, Sunbeam," answered the old man sadly.

"She can't know how you long to see Jamie and Mary. If one could only tell her!" said Sunbeam.

"If one could only tell her murmured the white-haired prisoner. 'But she would not heed."

"Then she's not kind!" asked Sunbeam, her face anxious and troubled, for she had a loyal little heart, and believed that Queen Bess was grand and noble.

David McLachan made no answer, but she asked him again, and he laid his hand on her head, and said gently—

"May be she is kind to those who serve her well and faithfully, little Sunbeam. But you see I did not serve her well or faithfully, for she was not my queen. I loved the other queen—poor Queen Mary. You know about her"

"Yes," answered Sunbeam, putting her finger to her mouth, "but I must not speak of her. Father says I must not mention her name. Poor Queen—she was so beautiful, wasn't she?'

'So gracious and so beautiful!" said the old prisoner, his face brightening at the very thought of the sovereign lady for whom he had given up more than his life—his liberty.

And many a tale he could tell of the beautiful Scottish queen; and Sunbeam, in spite of herself, loved to listen, and, listening, learnt to wonder how it was that good Queen Bess suffered that gentle lady to die so pitifully.

She was always thinking about him, and Jamie, and Mary, and sometimes she hummed to herself a snatch of melody which he had taught her. And once her father heard her.

"What art thou singing, Joyce?" he asked gruffly. "Some Scottish twang? Fie, fie, Joyce! Isn't English good enough for thee, child? Take care of thy tongue and voice, or else I dare not let thee through to thy old friend. Dost thou hear!"

So after this she learnt to be careful; but often she said to her father—

"Dear father, I am sure that if good Queen Bess knew how unhappy the dear old Scottish prisoner was, she would let him go free."

And her father smiled at his little girl.

"Suppose thou wert to tell her Majesty, Joyce!" he said, laughing, as he stooped down and kissed the little maiden. "What think'st thou the Queen would say to thee?"

'One does not see the Queen—one may not speak to her," said Joyce mournfully.

"Thou art right, child," he answered. "The Queen hath not care for such as thee or me."

But all that night Joyce dreamed that she was telling Queen Elizabeth about old David McLachan, and the Queen said many kind things to her, and promised to forgive him.

Then she awoke and found it was only a dream. Still it was a pleasant dream to have had, you know. One does not dream about queens every night of one's life!

So the days passed away, and everything went on much the same as usual in the great Tower. But David McLachan's face grew sadder and his voice feebler, and Sunbeam's heart was full of distress for her friend.

One morning the news was spread about that the Queen and the court were coming to pay a royal visit to the Tower, and everyone was in a state of great excitement.

But no one—not even the Constable himself—was as anxious and excited as our little Joyce.

"The Queen is coming to-morrow," she said to herself, "and I shall see her. I hope I shall be brave—just as I was in my dream." But it is easier to be brave in one's dream than when one is awake.

The sun glistened on the water as the royal barge came up the Thames bearing the sovereign lady in all her splendor and magnificence, and her gaily dressed courtiers and ladies of honor, and her royal guard, and her musicians making sweet strains on their viols, and her heralds ready at a given sign to trumpet forth the Queen's arrival; although that indeed was scarcely necessary, for there stood the Constable and a brave array of soldiers waiting to receive her, and the good citizens flocked from all parts to raise a cry of welcome for good Queen Bess, whom they loved to see and to honor when she came amongst them. They were proud of their Queen; they loved her grandeur and her glittering train of courtiers.

As for the lady herself, she was in the most gracious mood.

Clad in a magnificent robe of the richest silk, studded with many gems, a stiff vast ruff, according to the fashion of those times, and a train borne by six fair-haired pages, sons of great noblemen of the land, she passed along, smiling graciously to her people; the gallant Earl of Essex on her right side, her faithful friend and counsellor the Lord Burleigh on her left, and behind her a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen of the Court.

Thus conducted, she entered the Tower, and proceeded to the royal apartments, and as she was ascending a magnificent flight of steps in the White Tower her eye was caught by the sight of a child who was timidly approaching her. There was something in Joyce's little face and figure which no one could resist, not even the great Queen herself.

She turned to the Constable, and, looking towards Sunbeam, said—

"Who is this child, and how comes she here?"

"Indeed, your Majesty, I scarcely know," he answered, looking distressed, and making a sign for the attendants to remove her.

But the Queen said—

"Nay, let her be—she seems to want to see me. Why should she not?"

She beckoned to Joyce, who knelt down and kissed the hand kindly held out to her.

It was a pretty and a gracious sight to see the royal lady in all her royalty smiling down on the little kneeling figure—a lass with fair hair, and clad in a simple brown frock, with a clean white ruff around her tiny neck.

"What is it you want with me, little one?" asked the queen graciously.

"Dear queen," answered Joyce bravely, "may I ask something of you?"

"Speak to me," answered Elizabeth, "and do not be afraid of me, for there is nothing to fear."

"No," said Joyce, smiling gratefully, "I am sure there is nothing to fear."

"You may pass on, my lords," said the Queen, turning to them, and they passed on, but wondering what this little girl could want with the Queen.

"Dear Queen," said Joyce, looking frankly into her face, "there is an old prisoner here who is sad and ill, and I love him very much. I am sure if you knew how unhappy he was you would forgive him. He cries for Jamie and Mary, his little grandchildren; and isn't it sad for him that he can't see them? He is such an old, old, white-haired man. I know you would love him if you saw him. I'm sure you would. And, dear Queen, one night I dreamed about him and about you. Yes, I dreamed that I asked you to let him go home, and you were so kind and promised he should go. And when I heard you were coming here I thought I must ask you, just as I did in my dream. Only it's harder to be brave now than it was in my dream—ever so much harder."

She had kept up her courage all this time but suddenly remembering where she was, and to whom she was talking, her heart misgave her, and she burst into a flood of tears.

The Queen was much moved.

'Do not cry, little one," she said kindly, as she put her hand on the child's head. "But tell me more about your old friend; what is his name? and what has he done that he should be here in the Tower?"

Then Joyce told her that his name was David McLachan, and that he had fought for Mary Queen of Scots: and Elizabeth's face became hard and stern at the very sound of that name, and she made an impatient gesture, as though she wished to hear nothing more of the subject; but something in the child's half-frightened, half-pleading manner softened her heart. She was the greatest lady in the land; this child kneeling before her and pleading for another, was one of the least of her subjects, whom she ought to treat gently and tenderly.

The clouds cleared from her face, she smiled encouragingly, and said—

"We will see this old prisoner. Rise up, little one. Because you have not feared your Queen, you will have nothing to fear. The Queen loves her people, and wishes to be a mother to them. And what do they call you, child?"

"My name is Joyce," answered the child her face now bright with smiles; "but the prisoner calls me 'Sunbeam.'"

"Ah!" said Queen Bess, "that's a pretty name he has given you. I think you are a sunbeam too."

And calling to her the Constable of the Tower, she told him that it was her pleasure to see the prisoner David McLachan.

"The child has pleaded for him," she said kindly; "and we shall see what we shall do. For our heart is not altogether hard. My Lord Burleigh, methinks we shall call upon you to set your seal upon a royal pardon. Go, child, and bring your old friend with you, and tell him that the Queen means well to him. 'Tis a bright warm day, well suited to a deed of mercy."

She seemed lost in thought, from which she was aroused by the arrival of the Constable, followed by David McLachan and little Sunbeam, who held his hand and tried to encourage him.

They knelt before the Queen, and Sunbeam still held his hand, for he needed all her love and comfort at that trying moment, when the Queen was gazing at him sternly, recognizing in him an old and troubles me enemy, and the courtiers and soldiers and attendants were bending forward, glancing now at him, and now at his faithful little friend.

Then Elizabeth spoke with a strange tremor in her voice:—

"Because the child was not afraid of her Queen and believed that her Queen would have mercy upon the suffering and the unhappy; because she loved you and pleaded for you with fearless eagerness; because Jamie and bonnie Mary are waiting for you in your Scottish home, and you weep when you think of them and cannot see them; but above all, because your little Sunbeam trusted in me: therefore we tell you that the past shall be the past, and that we pardon you, and set you free to go back to those you love.

"Ah! but you must not thank us—you must thank the little maiden who believed in her Queen."

And the tears streaming down the old prisoner's cheeks and the bright smile on Sunbeam's face spoke worlds of gratitude to good Queen Bess. Those tears and that smile were as precious jewels in her crown—jewels which any sovereign might be proud to have.

Then the Queen and the grand ladies and lords passed on their way, and the royal musicians struck up a cheerful melody, and the Queen smiled happily, for the heart knows when it has done a good deed, and happiness is born of goodness, and smiling peace is born of gentle mercy.

And Sunbeam whispered to her old friend—

"Didn't I tell you that if good Queen Bess knew how unhappy you were far away from Jamie and little Mary, she would let you go free?"

And all he could find words to say was—

"God bless you, Sunbeam, for your love, and Queen Bess for her mercy."

So this was how old David McLachan received his pardon, and went home again to those he loved.

And when you read the history of Elizabeth's long reign, and think—as perhaps you will do—that she was hard and cruel and unforgiving, remember that whatever else she was to others, at least she was gentle to the gaoler's little daughter Sunbeam, and merciful to the old white-haired prisoner of the Tower.

FRUIT SKINS INDIGESTIBLE.—That the rind, or "skin," of all fruit is more or less indigestible is a fact that should not be forgotten. We say all fruit, and the statement must be understood to include the pellicle of kernels and nuts of all kinds. The edible part of fruit is peculiarly delicate and liable to rapid decomposition if exposed to the atmosphere.

It is, therefore, a wise provision of nature to place a strong and impervious coating over it as a protection against accident and to prevent insects enemies from destroying the seed within.

The skin of plums is wonderfully strong compared with its thickness and resists the action of the water and many solvents in a remarkable manner.

If not thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach this skin is rarely, if ever, dissolved by the gastric juice. In some cases pieces of it adhere to the coats of the stomach, as wet paper clings to bodies, causing more or less disturbance or inconvenience.

Raisins and dried currants are particularly troublesome in this way, and if not chopped up before cooking should be thoroughly chewed before swallowing. If a dried currant passes into the stomach whole, it is never digested at all.

WHO lays a snare for others falls therein himself. Use Warner's Log Cabin LIVER PILLS, you will find them no snare for yourself or others; the benefit derived from them is immediate and permanent. 25 cents a bottle.

SENTIMENTAL GEOGRAPHY.

Anthony Van Diemen, Governor of Batavia, had a daughter, whose name was Maria. Since she was not only charming and accomplished, but also the only child of a rich papa, who was governor of the Dutch East Indies, Maria's image was impressed on many a heart, and she had no lack of suitors.

There were great men among them; but, with maiden-like perversity, Maria must favored a poor young sailor—a handsome, dashing fellow, who was very skilful in his business; but who had no pockets, or no use for any.

The young sailor's name was Abel Janson Tasman. He was devoted to Maria heart and soul, had exchanged pledges with her, and had brought matters to so serious a pass, that the proud father determined to put the young adventurer quietly and courteously out of sight: the doing so he took to be a better and more fatherly course than the institution of a great family quarrel.

That his Maria should become Mrs. Tasman, he knew very well was a thing not for a moment to be thought of.

Whoever won his daughter must have wealth and a patent of nobility. She was no fit mate for a poor sailor. Tasman, however, could be easily dismissed from dangling after her.

The Batavian traders had at that time a vague notion that there was a vast continent—an unknown Australia land somewhere near the South Pole; and Van Diemen determined to send Tasman out to see about it.

If he never came back it would not matter; but, at any rate, he would be certainly a long time gone. Van Diemen therefore fitted out an expedition, and gave to young Tasman the command of it.

Off the young fellow set, in the year 1642; and, like an enamored swain as he was, the first new ground he discovered—a considered stretch of land, now forming a very well-known English colony—he named after his dear love, Van Diemen's Land, and put Miss Van Diemen's Christian name beside her patronymic, by giving that of Maria to a small adjoining island close to the south-eastern extremity of the new land.

That land—Van Diemen's Land—we have of late begun very generally to call after its discoverer, Tasmania.

Continuing his journey southward, the young sailor anchored his ships on the eighteenth of December, in a sheltered bay, which he called Moodenaren (Murderers) Bay, because the natives there attacked his ships, and killed three of his men.

Traveling on, he reached after some days the islands which he called after the three kings, because he saw them on the feast of the Epiphany; and then, coming upon New England from the north, he called it in a patriotic way, after the States of Holland, Staten Land, but the extreme northern point of it, a fine bold headland jetting out into the sea, strong as his love, he entitled again Cape Maria.

For he had gone out resolved not indeed to "carve her name on trunks of trees," but to do his mistress the same sort of honor in a way that would be nobler, manlier, and more enduring.

After a long and prosperous voyage, graced by one or two more discoveries, Tasman came back to Batavia. He had more than earned his wife; for he had won for himself sudden and high renown, court favor, rank and fortune.

Governor Van Diemen got a famous son-in-law, and there was no drawback to the rest of the career of the most comfortable married couple, Abel and Maria. Tasman did not make another journey to New Zealand; it remained unvisited until 1769, when it was re-discovered by Captain Cook, who very quickly recognised it as a portion of the land that had been first seen by the love-lorn sailor.

PRANKS OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.—A party of Harvard students were arrested six times and taken to the police station on a recent evening and enjoyed it hugely.

They invested in a barber's pole, and about midnight sauntered down a Boston street singing college songs.

It was not long before they met a policeman, who asked them where they were going with the pole.

'Oh, that's our business," the students replied, and started on.

The policeman arrested them, and when he had landed them in the police station and explained the charges, they showed him a receipt for the barber's pole and were released.

After they had cheerfully appeared for the sixth time a general notice was issued to the police not to molest a party of young men parading about town with a barber's pole.

FEAR guides more to their duty than gratitude; for one man who is virtuous from the love of virtue, from the obligation which he thinks he lies under to the Giver of all, there are ten thousand who are good only from their apprehension of punishment.

IT is not so much the being exempt from faults as the having overcome them that is an advantage to us.

HE is idle that might be better employed. Dyspepsia is never idle, its tortures never cease. Better employ Warner's Log Cabin HOPS AND BUCHU REMEDY put the stomach in healthy action, and be fitted to continue your regular employment. All druggists.

THE KISS.

BY E. NESBIT.

The snows are white on wood and wold,
The wind is in the firs;
So dead my heart is with the cold,
No pulse within it stirs,
Even to see your face, my dear,
Your face that was my sun;
The ice enshrouds the buried year,
And summer's dreams are done.

The snakes that lie about my heart
Are in their wintry sleep;
Their fangs no more deal sting and smart,
No more they curl and creep.
Love with the rose has ceased to be,
The frost is firm and fast;
Oh! keep the summer far from me,
And let the snakes' sleep last!

Touch of your hand could not suffice
To waken them once more,
Nor could the sunshine of your eyes
A ruined spring restore.
But ah! your lips! You know the rest;
The snows are summer rain;
My eyes are wet, and in my breast
The snakes' fangs meet again.

FOLK-LORE OF PLANTS.

In the early days of the world there were not, it seems, red and white roses as now; there were only white ones. How the others came into being has been told by a poet:

"'Tis said, as cupid danced among the gods,
He down the nectar flung,
Which on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red."

Love divination by means of rose leaves is practised in Thuringia. If a maid has several lovers she takes a corresponding number of rose leaves and names one after each suitor. She then scatters them on the surface of a basin of water, and the leaf that goes last to the bottom is that either of her truest lover or of her predestined husband.

A curious superstition connects roses with human blood. In France, Germany and Italy it used to be held that if anyone wished to have ruddy cheeks she had but to bury a drop of her blood under a rose-bush. A belief existed in some quarters that the crown of thorns worn by our Saviour was made from rose briar, and that the drops of blood which started from beneath it fell to the ground and sprang up as roses. The rose according to a Roumanian notion, is an enchanted princess. The legend is thus told:

"It is early morning, and a young princess comes down into her garden to bathe in the silver waves of the sea. The transparent whiteness of her complexion is seen through the white veil which covers it, and shines through the blue waves like the morning star in an azure sky.

"She springs into the sea and mingles with the silvery rays of the sun which sparkle on the dimple of the laughing waves.

"The sun stands still to gaze upon her; he covers her with kisses and forgets his duty. Once, twice, thrice, has the night advanced to take her sceptre and reign over the world—thrice has she found the sun upon her way.

"Since that day the lord of the universe has changed the princess into a rose, and this is why the rose always hangs her head and blushes when the sun gazes upon her."

A beautiful Eastern fable represents the bulbul—as the Armenians call the nightingale—falling in love with the rose, and only beginning to sing when inspired by the tender passion.

The Thistle was a plant sacred of old to Thor. Its color, it was said, came from the lightning, against which it was a certain safeguard.

In Germany four-leaved clover used to be used as a protection against being drafted for military service. In Bohemia, when a young man sets out on a journey his lass contrives to place a four leaved clover in his shoes, and believes that by that means she has effectually secured his return. In the Tyrol a lover puts four-leaved clover under his pillow in order to dream of his sweetheart.

When chivalry reigned in Europe the daisy played an interesting part in many a love affair. When a knight was an accepted lover his lady allowed him to engrave a daisy on his arms; when he proposed and she would neither say yea or nay, she wore on her head a coronet of wild daisies, which meant "I'll think about it."

In many parts of England the country people judge of the advance of the year by the number of daisies to be seen. "Spring has not come," they say, "till you can set your foot on twelve daisies at once."

The dandelion has a place in folklore both as a clock and as a lover's oracle. When the seeds are ripe the flower stalk is carefully plucked, and then the seeds are blown away with the breath till they are all gone. The number of puffs necessary to accomplish this is held by some to indicate the hour of the day; others more romantic interpret it as the number of years that must elapse before they are to be married.

A beautiful Persian legend about the forget me not is given by the poet Shiraz. "It was," he says, "in the golden morning of the early world, when an angel sat weeping outside the closed gates of Eden. He had fallen from his high estate through loving a daughter of earth, nor was he permitted to enter it again till she whom he loved had planted the flowers of the forget me not in every corner of the world. He returned to earth and assisted her, and they went hand in hand over the world planting the forget me not. When their task was ended they entered Paradise together—for the fair woman, without tasting the bitterness of death, became immortal, like the angel whose love her beauty had won when she sat by the river twining the forget me nots in her hair."

The lily is rival to the rose for the queenship of the garden, and by virtue of its position has many interesting pieces of folklore connected with it. It used to be held that a subtle relationship existed between it and human life. According to a Northern superstition, if anyone is unjustly executed white lilies will spring from his grave in tokes of innocence. In many of the ballads of Sweden, lillies as well as roses grow out of groves. From the grave of a maiden three lilies spring, which can be gathered by no one but her lover. There are quaint old stories of people being changed by death into lilies.

As a charm against witchcraft the water lily is gathered in Germany. It is also held to have a magical power in Holland.

The lily of the valley has long been a popular symbol of purity and holiness. In some parts of St. Leonard's Forest, it grows freely, and a legendary tale is there told of it. It is said to have sprung from the blood of St. Leonard, who once met a mighty worm, or "fire-drake," in the forest, and did battle with it for three whole days. The saint came off victorious, but in the struggle he was severely wounded, and wherever drops of his blood fell on the ground lilies sprang up in profusion.

Rosemary was commonly used in bygone times at funerals, along with sprigs of ivy, laurel, and other evergreens as an emblem of the soul's immortality.

Grains of Gold.

The liar is sooner caught than the cripple.

When two quarrel, both are in the wrong.

Never intrude ill health, pains, losses or misfortunes.

He who throws himself under the bench will be left to lie there.

Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.

There is no courage but in innocence; no constancy but in an honest cause.

Some of the busiest of people are those attending to other people's affairs.

Patience is like fortitude that she must be either her sister or her daughter.

All skulls seem to laugh. Perhaps it is at the epitaph engraved on their tomb.

Only those faults which we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

God says that we must pardon our enemies; why then do we ill-treat those who love us?

"What you please," means in many cases, "I expect much more than I can in reason ask for."

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

Our companions please us less from the charms we find in their conversation than from those they find in ours.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

We are generally lively, ardent, curious to know the life of a neighbor; but slow, idle and blind to know, to correct and to condemn our own life.

Femininities.

A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of weddings.

An emerald-set frog with diamond eyes is the quaintest of new lace pins.

The oddest of new card receivers is a bronze owl head slightly flattened.

Of what use is it that the cow gives plenty of milk if she kick over the pail?

Miss Georgia Rattan is the suggestive name of a young Oregon school teacher.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

To be man's tender mate was woman born, and in obeying nature she best serves the purposes of heaven.

The Indiana woman who only a short time ago was married for the seventh time is now seeking a divorce.

There is nothing so calculated to call out the deep earnestness of a true woman and enlist her most faithful devotion as the doing up of her back hair.

Woman should not expect happiness from marriage. When the man proposes he asks her to make him happy, and says nothing about making her so.

Paris women now have a whim for natural flowers. They are worn on the shoulders, epaulette fashion, where they are in no danger of being crushed.

Some clever dressmaker in London has chosen to be original. Each one of her young women attendants is dressed in some costume that the firm wishes to advertise.

The Empress of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse, and has saddles made accordingly. The custom is making slow progress among the ladies of England.

"A superior house parlor maid who can teach elementary music" and "a plain cook, under 25, who knows short-hand" were advertised for in a recent issue of an English paper.

Mr. Lowcut: "Goodness gracious, Ethel, are you going in that waist?" Mrs. Lowcut: "Certainly. Which of these flowers do you think most suitable for a corsage bouquet?" Mr. L.: "Wear the blush roses, for heaven's sake."

Children are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defects. In general, those who govern children forgive nothing in them, but everything in themselves.

Women of fashion are now said to wear jeweled garters, the perfection of style requiring one to be black and the other yellow. The latter is worn for luck, yellow being accounted a lucky color.

There is a Boston girl who boasts of having a watch that keeps correct time. She was heard to remark not long ago as she pulled it out, "If the sun isn't over the hill in a minute and a half he will be late."

Javelle water, used to remove tea, coffee, grass and fruit stains from linen, is made thus: Mix well in an earthern vessel one pound of sal soda, 6 cents worth of chloride of lime and two quarts of soft water.

An angel of mercy. Evangeline: "Grandpa, dear, do'es tell Jack not to kill that poor bee-bottle!" Grandpapa, delighted. "And why not, my darling?" Evangeline: "Because—because I want to kill it myself!"

"Do your shopping early in the morning," says a fashion paper. This may be good advice, but it is rather hard on the saleagirls, as it will prevent them from exchanging confidences concerning the social experiences of the previous evening.

Miss Longpurse: "Why, of course, Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a 30 years' war over her if she hadn't been beautiful?" Mr. Shortcash, forgetting himself: "Oh, I don't know. May be she was rich."

Here are in full the names of the Infanta of Spain: "Blanche de Castile de la Conception Therese Francois d'Assise Marguerite Jeanne Beatrice Charlotte Louise Fernande Adelgonde Elvire Ildefonse Regine Josephe Michelle Gabrielle Raphaelle.

It a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities. A woman made out of a woman is God's noblest work; a woman made out of a man is his meanest.

A west bound train on the Southern Pacific was delayed 20 minutes at Houston, Texas, the other morning. The doctor arrived, and in a little while the locomotive celebrated the event by three terrific whistles. When the train pulled out mother and child were doing well.

A young housekeeper was discussing with her cook the menu for a supper-party. "I think," she said, "we will have some eel for the second course?" "How much will you want, ma'am?" asked the cook. "I fancy," said her mistress, "ten yards will be sufficient."

Mother, to daughter: "I understand, my dear, that you made an impression at the conversazione the other evening." Daughter: "Yes, mamma." Mother: "What subject did you discuss?" Daughter: "I didn't discuss anything, mamma; I let others do the discussing."

In all the country towns of Eastern Connecticut smart young ladies are quitting the piano for the chicken incubator, and they find that hatching chickens is not only vastly more lucrative than toying with the tinkling keys, but it is more healthful and fascinating. It is also more healthful for the neighbors.

Ethel: "O, mamma! I've learned in this book that preserved tomatoes will take ink-stains out of silk. I'm going to try it on my dress." Ethel applies the tomatoes and hangs the dress out to dry. Mamma, next day: "Ethel, what are you poring over that book so long for?" Ethel: "I want to find out what will take tomatoes out of silk."

Masculinities.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

Flatterers are the cleverest thought readers; they tell you exactly what you think.

All men are alike in their lower natures; it is in their higher characters that they differ.

To woo danger is no sign of a hero; there are times when a man is too badly scared to run.

In warm moments form your resolution; and in cool moments make that resolution good.

An Albany jeweler loaned all his diamonds on the occasion of a swell ball given in that city recently.

When a couple begin to address each other as "my" and "you," marriage is not far from being a failure.

George Washington wore a No. 11 dress shoe on State occasions, and a No. 13 boot for every-day service and comfort.

A man down in Maine says if he builds a house he will have folding doors—"They're so handy in case of a funeral."

A gold corkscrew, small enough when folded to hang upon the watch chain, has use as well as novelty to recommend it.

An Ohio man found in his family Bible a check on the old Farmers and Mechanics' Bank of Steubenville, dated December 19, 1821.

Something of a person's character may be discovered by observing when and how he smiles. Some people never smile; they merely grin.

Husband: "This is a pretty go!" Wife: "What is the matter?" Husband: "Some one has gone and daubed ink on my new pen-wiper."

"What is a pessimist?" you ask, Sophronia. A pessimist is one who thinks there are more things to swear at in the world than to swear by.

The only liberty cap, says a clever author, is the nightcap. In it men visit, one-third of their lives, the only land where they are free and equal.

It is hard to tell which is the more ignorant, the man who never reads the newspapers at all or the man who believes everything he sees in them.

"I never saw such an unlucky man as I am. Here I find a piece of money and it is only a nickel. If any one else had found it, it would have been a quarter."

The Fifty Million Club dined in New York the other evening. Made up of $50,000,000 men, you ask? Oh, no! It is made up of newspaper men who "represent 50,000,000 people."

Family doctor: "Your wife needs outdoor exercise more than anything else." Husband: "But she won't go out. What am I to do?" Doctor: "Give her plenty of money to shop with."

A boy in a public school on being asked to define the word "responsibility" said: "Well, my trousers have got two buttons on; if one should come off the other would be responsible for the trousers."

Each man forms his duty according to his predominant characteristic; the stern require an avenging judge; the gentle, a forgiving father. Just so the pigmies declared that Jove himself was a pigmy.

"Pshaw," said a Camden lady to her husband, who had been criticising her attire, "what does a man know about a woman's clothes, anyway?" "He knows the price, my dear," he replied gently, and she retired.

Visitor: "Is your ma or pa in, sonny?" Sonny: "Yes, they're both in; but pa has just got back from a red-hot political meeting, and ma's busy 'tending to him. I think you'd better call agin." The visitor thought so, too.

On a dreary rainy day a man stays at home all day and pulls out all his private papers, with a view to straightening things, and, after looking them carefully over, leaves them in a heap on the table for his wife to put away.

"How many of the wise and learned," says Thackeray, "have married their cooks! Did not Lord Eldon himself, the most prudent man, make a runaway match? Were not Achilles and Ajax both in love with their servant-maids?"

Professor: "What is a paradox?" Experienced student: "A Sunday-night girl telling a fellow that really he mustn't stay another minute, and all the time holding him so fast with both arms that he couldn't get away if he should try."

He: "There are people in the world who don't know what they really are till circumstances show them." She. "And a very good thing, too, for some of us. If the pauper-master could know what it really was, it would be always sneezing its top off."

There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten by their spiritual vivacity.

A "rambling courtship" was described by a young man in Boston, defendant for breach of promise, as "walking out with a young woman to see if the dispositions would suit each other, and to see whether at the right time anything would come of it." He claimed to have conducted a rambling courtship only.

A writer in an English paper claims for Woodbridge the possessing of the meanest man in the person of a miserly postman, who refused to allow his daughter to receive a sealskin jacket as a present because he could not afford to pay for the camphor which would be needed to keep the moths out of it during the summer.

Recent Book Issues.

"Fun From 'Life'" is a series of pictures from that weekly, published in neat form. In our judgment it is the very best of the series. Every picture from first to last has a point at once witty, laughable, and original. Published by Stokes & Bros, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, in German, French, and English, in parallel columns, translated by A. H. Laidlaw, Jr., Notes and Appendix, Political and Historical. Published by Laidlaw Bros. and Co., 137 W. 41st Street, New York City." This is a valuable book in many ways and particularly for students of the German and French language who desire a reading-work far above the average class book.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The April number of the *Eclectic Magazine* opens with Prof. Huxley's able paper on "Agnosticism." Mme. Olga Novikoff, the well-known representative of Russia in England, contributes a racy article under the quaint name "A Cask Full of Honey with a Spoonful of Tar." Prof. Edward Dowden talks suggestively of "The Hopes and Fears for Literature." Dr. A. J. H. Crespi's contribution on "Some Curiosities of Diet," is very entertaining. Among other articles are "Minicoy, the Island of Women;" an article about railways in China; a readable paper by Max Muller, an article on Tennyson by W. H. H. Myers; "Desert Sands;" "The Reformation," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere;" beside fiction, poetry, and a number of short articles. E. R. Pelton, publishers, 25 Bond street, New York.

A BATH OF STATE.—The Queen of Madagascar has taken her yearly bath. This annual cleaning up was observed with great pomp.

The French papers report that the Queen was clothed in scarlet and seated upon a red velvet throne; a corner of the room was railed off with red curtains and behind this was rolled a great bath-tub set on wheels.

A solemn procession filed through, bearing the water for the bath, material's for the fire to heat it, made directly under the bath-tub itself, the towels, soap, perfume and various toilet appurtenances. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the fire was put out, prayers were said and a hymn sung imploring that the Queen suffer no harm from her daring act, and then, as she disappeared behind the curtains a salve of artillery was fired and the drums beat to announce to the excited multitudes outside that the important part of the ceremony was taking place.

At the end of the brief fifteen minutes the Queen reappeared, somewhat paler in hue, gorgeously arrayed and wearing all the crown jewels.

In her hand she carried an ox-horn, tipped and bound with silver, full of water taken from the bath just previous to her entrance to it.

Bearing this and accompanied by the Prime Minister, she marched to the palace portal, where she dipped a branch into the water and sprinkled the spectators as they passed along, which gave them the satisfaction of feeling that they have in a measure shared in the dangers which the Queen as the head of the nation, had bodily confronted.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH.—Quin, the comedian, died while emptying a glass of Bordeaux.

Elphinstone, the Chancellor of Scotland, was heartbroken by the battle of Flodden.

The Emperor Frederick III. and his son Maximilian I., both died, we are told, of eating too heartily of melons.

Henry I., King of Castile, was killed by the fall of a tile from the roof while taking his amusement in the court yard of his palace.

The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

Ireland, the litterateur, was honest enough (it is said) to die of shame at having palmed off upon the public as Shakespeare's a dramatic effort of his own.

Angeleri, a Milanese actor, was so overcome by his enthusiastic reception on his first appearance at the theatre in Naples that he fell down at the side scenes and died.

THE HIGHEST.—The highest position a man can occupy is that for which he is fit and in which he performs cheerfully the best work; the lowest is that for which he is not adapted, and in which he is content to receive personal benefit for inferior or less creditable performance. Society has not learned, in the matter of work, to pay honor always where honor is due—to distinguish gold from dross, the true from the false, the noble from the mean. When it does, the energy now employed in pushing and striving for coveted positions will be turned into the endeavor to make the work that naturally falls to each one, as perfect of its kind and for its purpose as possible.

THE "piano to be sold by a lady with four carved legs" has been outdone. We read to-day of an order given for "one lady's prime saddle for a tall, slim lady, all over hog skin and perfectly plain."

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder produces a soft and beautiful skin; it combines every element of beauty and purity.

FASHION IN FLOWERS.

Fashion, which like love, "rules the court, the camp, the grove," has for some time extended her domain, and now wields a tyrannical sceptre over the kingdom of Flora.

At her dictates we have a panorama of flowers; flowers at all times and in all seasons; flowers collectively and individually; flowers in fashion, to be prized and admired; flowers out of fashion, to be neglected, discarded, and disdained.

Nero is said to have spent many thousands upon roses, for a single feast. Such lavish luxury has scarcely been emulated in our day; but, although the quantity be less, the rarity and the expense of the blossoms is greater.

Of late the display of costly flowers has become more and more extended. Not many years since, the bride's bouquet boasted perhaps, a few sprays of orchids intermingled with the traditional orange blossom and scarcely less traditional myrtle. The myrtle has fallen out of [illegible].

We still retain a little of the orange blossom, and add to it the stephanotis, eucharis, lilies of the valley, when out of season forced, and many other beautiful white flowers, selected more with reference to the means of the wearer than with any regard to the season of the year.

Orchids, from having been a mere addition to the bride's posy, have become of almost universal use in bouquets; in personal adornment as well as in floral decoration in general.

Not only is the bride's bouquet largely composed of orchids, but the bridesmaids, as well as the wedding guests, often carry immense posies of the same choice flowers, tied with bows and long streamers of watered ribbon. Sometimes these bouquets give place to baskets of flowers, or fans covered with blossoms.

Some time before the single flower was in fashion, wreaths of wild roses were worn by the very young; they were simple and pretty in idea, but in practice terrible trying; as not one girl in twenty found them becoming, and they were discarded. Whether the popular song "She wore a wreath of roses" brought them into fashion or made them ridiculous is unknown; but that popular writers do in some degree give an impetus to fashion is beyond doubt, and possibly the present lavish display of luxury in flowers and plants may in a great measure be due to the glowing word-pictures of wealthy homes described by some of our most admired novelists.

The older poets were never tired of flowers. Shakspeare has so many allusions to them that an anthology might be compiled from the works of great dramatist alone; while rare Ben Jonson's "I sent thee late a rosy wreath" is set to music, and perhaps more appreciated at the present time than in the days when it was written; and the genial Herrick still pleases with his good-tempered verses, in which flowers and maids are apostrophised in a spirit that is most delightful. In his poems are many suggestions of the fashions in connection with the rites and festivals of his time.

About the time of the Crimean War flowers began to appear in bonnets—French ones, at any rate—and a dainty little bunch of rosebuds or forget-me-nots was coquettishly inserted on one side of the closely quilled blonde lace, that filled up the space between the bonnet and the head, and was called a front or bonnet cap.

Gradually the fashion grew; it was not only necessary to have flowers in the bonnet, but to change them with the changes in their natural prototypes—snowdrops in January, or the blossoms of the japonica, and so on through the circle of the seasons; until fashion, run mad, loaded the bonnets with great bunches of ripe fruit, and, horror of realism, crawling caterpillars "as large as life and twice as natural."

From the simple real flower—generally a camellia—in the hair, fashion ranged through a vast variety of artificial flowers in the form of wreaths, pointed wreaths to suit the hair, worn as it was then called, or in bandeaux, turned over thick pads. In addition to the wreath, long trailing ends of flowers hung down the back, and large bows of velvet filled up the gap left at the back of the head by drawing the hair to each side.

The fashion was ugly and inartistic, but somehow our girls were no less pretty than before.

Whatever the "function" now to be performed, flowers are a necessary part of the paraphernalia, yet when the war commenced they were never seen at such times, and the fact that a regiment, on passing through a certain town, were presented with bunches of flowers, which some wore at their breasts and in their helmets, and others carried in their hands, waving them in response to the cheers and hurrahs of the excited throng who filled the streets, emphasises the remembrance of the first public occasion on which the children of Flora played a conspicuous part on the stage of fashion, where they now fill every niche and corner into which they can be pressed.

YOUNG MAN (confidentially): "I want to see some of your solitaire rings." Jeweler: "Engagement ring, I presume." Young man: "Y-yes, sir." Jeweler: "Here's just the thing you want, Alaska stone, rolled plate, and warranted for a year." Young man: "But I want a real stone." Jeweler: "Of course. As I was going to say, we give one of the plated rings along with each real stone. They are exact duplicates. If the engagement is a success, it is very easy to substitute the real for the imitation."

TRUE LOVELINESS.

Her form was plump, her face was fair,
Her eyes were blue and brown her hair;
Her *tout-ensemble* was quite rare:
How could I help but ask her share
My humble lot, a little cot?
I'm glad I did, for wife I got
With temper sweet and all things meet.

The secret of her beauty and sweet temper, both of which she has retained ever since we wed, now several years ago, is that, when occasion required, she always used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has done more to relieve the functional derangements, weaknesses, and sufferings peculiar to women, than any other medicine known to science.

WARRANTED. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, possessed of such wonderful virtues as to warrant its sale, by druggists, under the positive guarantee of its manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

A Certificate of Guarantee printed on every bottle-wrapper.

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Unequaled as a Liver Pill. **Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take.** One tiny, Sugar-coated Pellet a dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels. 25 cents, by druggists.

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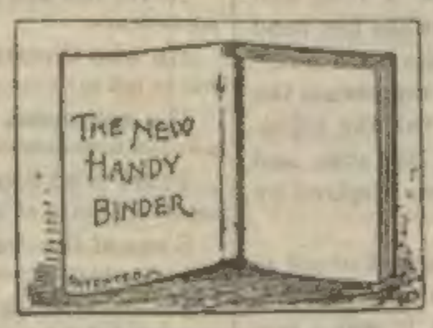

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

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THE HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Humorous.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little she looked at me;
Little by little I looked at her;
Little by little our hands had met;
Little by little—how could we err?

Little by little I bolder grew;
Little by little she was my pet;
Little by little I loved her so;
Little by little how fond we get!

Little by little our love grew cold—
Little by little as cold as snow;
Little by little she made me stare;
Little by little I let her go.

Little by little I wished her back;
Little by little I ceased to yearn.
And now she's married; delightful Fate!
Little by little how much we learn!

—U. N. Nons.

Fleet men—sailors.

Active corpses—Dead beats.

The pale of society—the blondes.

An inhuman act—pulling down the blind.

A suitable trade for a drowning man—die sinking.

How to develop the imagination—get the delirium tremens.

To prevent fish from smelling in the summer—cut their noses off.

Why is a mosquito like a railroad?—Because it fastens on the sleepers.

"You're a queer chicken," as the hen said when she hatched out a duck.

Thieves do not have a very easy life of it, notwithstanding they take things so easy.

He, tenderly: "May I see you pretty soon?" She, reproachfully: "Don't you think I am pretty, now?"

There's a man in town who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say he keeps a bank account.

Said Fred, "I should rather be a wild turkey, and live on the prairies, than be a tame turkey, and be killed every year.

The highest office in the gift of the President is that of Postmaster at Mineral Point, Col. It is 13,000 feet above the sea level.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I was going by without speaking, but you looked so charming to-day that I didn't know you."

Conductor, politely, to stout person: "Would you mind standing up, sir? There's three ladies here as would like your seat."

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing ye want, you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey was."

If a man and his wife go to France together, what is the difference in their mode of traveling?—He goes a-broad, and she goes a-long.

A country editor consoled a man who complained that justice had not been done him by the remark that it was "very lucky for him."

Lawyer, to wife: "Sarah, be sure and putaway at once everything that is of any value, because the thief who has just been acquitted on my eloquent defence is coming to-day to thank me."

A fair lecturess says "there is no work a man can do but that will be better done by having a woman by his side." How about currying a kicking mule?

The agent for a patented coffin says in his circular, "Undertakers who have used it pronounce it a perfect success, and we ask you to try it, free of charge, and judge for yourself."

Davy Crockett once graphically described the condition of a party of friends after a political jollification, who "were so tipsy that neither of them could hit the ground at three times throwing."

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her old aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the reply; "but where is the widower?"

"I can tell you how to save that horse," said a coachman to a man who was looking very earnestly at the skeleton of a horse attached to a vehicle heavily loaded with oysters. "Will you? say on." "Why, just slip him away while the crows are at roost."

A miller had his neighbor arrested upon the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to prove the charge, the court adjudged that the plaintiff should apologize to the accused. "Well," said he, "I've had you arrested for stealing my wheat. I can't prove it, and I'm sorry for it."

A Camden shoemaker hung out a placard one day, but it hadn't flopped in the wind for more than two hours, when somebody whispered in the proprietor's ear and he whisked the sign in quicker than a toad houses his tongue. The placard read as follows: "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Walk in here."

"Bobby, your mamma tells me you are a very bright boy, and she expects you to be a great man," said Mr. Blossom, as he sat in the parlor waiting for Bobby's sister. "Ma never does 'spect nothin' right. She don't know what she's talking 'bout. She told pa she 'spected you and my sister would be married 'fore spring, an' that was more'n a year ago."

THE EFFECT OF DR. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT at first was to loosen the phlegm that clogged my lungs, and allay the inflammation of my throat. Profuse expectoration followed, and I was soon rid of my Cold entirely.—REV. W. A. HAAS, Selin's Grove, Pa.

LOVE FOR DOGS.

The late Crown Prince Rudolph had the affection for dogs which is so strong a trait in the members of the old Hapsburg line.

He was always attended by one of his favorite animals, and one Austrian paper states that attention was first called to the catastrophe in the Prince's room by the piteous howling of his dog outside the door.

It is an old saying amongst the superstitious that dogs are especially sensitive to the presence of death.

Their faculties, we know, are always on the alert to serve those they love. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs were alike in their affection for dogs. Frederick I.'s last words were addressed to his canine companion.

The Napoleons, on the contrary, disliked them much, and a romantic story is told about the Archduchess Marie Louise, who, when she became the Conqueror's bride, was obliged, in deference to the well-known Napoleon prejudice, to separate from a little dog she loved dearly.

History tells us that "the Empress cried most bitterly, the acquisition of a colossal Empire failed to console her for the loss of one faithful little animal."

"Everyone was anxious," says another writer, "to swell the train of the new Empress, and she longed only for the company of her little coaxing Italian hound."

It is satisfactory to know that she was not long parted from the timid, loving creature.

One of the courtiers who had witnessed her bitter tears of adieu at Vienna hastened on to Paris to inform his master of her grief, and the story has a pretty sequel.

Leading her from the balcony of the Tuileries, where he had presented her to the people who thronged below, with acclamations, the Emperor took her, in wonderment as to her destination, up a dimly-lighted corridor to the room where a woe-begone little greyhound was sitting, forlorn and puzzled, until it heard a step it knew as the door opened, the joy of its mistress richly repaid Napoleon for the small sacrifice he had made to please her.

Four years later, when the Empress left the Tuileries with her son, to become a pensioner and prisoner at the Court of Vienna, this same little dog was clasped in her arms, and was perhaps aware of her sorrow and humiliation.

THEIR LAST LINES.—Most impressive coincidences have sometimes occurred in the words of actors in their last appearance on the stage. An English actor named Cummins, some twenty years ago, appeared in a play in which it fell to him to deliver these lines:—

"Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee and begs of heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour."

The last words had scarcely dropped from his lips when he fell dead on the stage.

The following instance may be regarded by the superstitious as a sufficient warning against all jests on such a grim subject as death. It is related by Mr. Bolton, an English actor and author, that the famous tenor, Sim Reeves, was once playing the Squire in the pantomime of "Old Mother Goose," and at the very moment when he was walking off the stage, singing—

"My wife's dead—there let her lie,
She's at rest, and so am I,"

a man tapped him hurriedly on the shoulder and whispered "You must come home directly; Mrs. Reeves is dead." Greatly shocked, Mr. Reeves hurried home and found it only too true.

The other instance to which I refer relates to the death of J. W. Coudry, a mind reader, who, a short time ago, while lecturing in New Haven, Conn., took occasion to boast of his entire freedom from fear, at the same time speaking of death in a somewhat flippant and jesting manner. Very singularly, before the conclusion of his performance, he was stricken with apoplexy, his death occurring only two days later.

AN EVERY-DAY MATTER.—Jinks: "What was the matter at your house last night?"

Blinks: "Matter?"

"Yes; something unusual going on, wasn't there?"

"Not that I know of."

"Eh? Why, as I passed your house, I heard a woman's voice yelling, 'Brute! monster" etc., and a voice that sounded like yours shouting back, 'Old hen! old idiot!' and I don't know what else, and then there was a great banging of furniture, and pretty soon a broomstick came through the window. Wasn't that something unusual, come, now?"

"No, nothing unusual!"

SHE had called upon a real estate man to see if he had a house to suit her, and had gone over the list and found fault with everything. A little out of patience, he finally asked:

"What kind of a house do you want, anyhow?"

"It isn't the house so much as the neighborhood," she replied. "I want a location where the neighbors will be neighborly. If I want to give a party and want to borrow a piano, sofa, a few chairs, three or four pictures and some statuary I want to feel that my neighbors will lend me them with cheerfulness."

SHD NEEDED ASSURANCE.—"My dear," said young Flinkins to his newly married wife at the dinner table, "I must congratulate you on your bread—it is simply superb."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and this steak. It is done just right—simply delicious."

"Does the coffee suit you?"

"It couldn't be surpassed."

"Harry," she said, rising and looking at him with a face that wore a mingled expression of sadness and distrust, "tell me one thing; look me in the eye when you say it."

"What shall I say?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Say that you are not deceitful."

"ARE you winking at me because you think I'm a country jake, sir?" demanded the new clerk at the drug store, loudly and belligerently, as he paused in the act of drawing a glass of soda-water for a customer. "James," hurriedly called out the proprietor, "come and tie up this licorice for this boy. I'll wait on Mr. Hambo myself."

A GENTLE heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

HONESTY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It pays to be honest, you say.

Granted.

Yet how many are dishonest through ignorance, expediency, or intentionally. One can be dishonest and yet say nothing.

A clerk who lets a customer buy a damaged piece of goods, a witness who holds back the truth which would clear a prisoner, a medical practitioner who takes his patient's money when he knows he is doing him no good,—all are culpably dishonest.

Speaking of the dishonesty of medical men reminds us that only the past week there has come under our personal observation a form of dishonesty which is almost too mean for narration.

It is generally known that doctors bind themselves by codes, resolutions and oaths not to use any advertised medicines. Now, there is a medicine on the market which, for the past ten years, has accomplished a marvelous amount of good in the cure of Kidney and Liver diseases, and diseases arising from the derangement of these great organs,—we refer to Warner's Safe Cure. So wide-spread are the merits of this medicine that the majority of the doctors of this country know from actual evidence that it will cure Advanced Kidney Disease, which is but another name for Bright's Disease.

The medical profession have put themselves on record as admitting that there is no cure for this terrible malady, yet there are physicians base enough and dishonest enough to procure Warner's Safe Cure in a surreptitious manner, put the same into plain, four-ounce vials, and charge their patients $2 00 per vial, when a sixteen-ounce bottle of the remedy, in its original package, can be bought at any drug store in the world for $1.25.

Perhaps the doctor argues that the cure of the patient justifies his dishonesty, yet he will boldly stand up at the next county medical meeting and denounce Warner's Safe Cure as a patent medicine, and one which he cannot and will not use.

The fact is that the people are waking up to the truth that the medical profession is far from honest, and that it does not possess a monopoly of wisdom in the curing of disease, doctoring the many symptoms of kidney disease, instead of striking at the seat of disease—the kidneys themselves,—allowing patients to die rather than use a remedy known to be a specific, simply because it has been advertised, and when patients are dead from Advanced Kidney Disease, still practicing deception by giving the cause of death in their certificate as pneumonia, dropsy, heart disease, or some other accompanying effect of Bright's Disease.

All this is *prima facie* evidence of incompetency, bigotry and dishonesty.

We speak but the truth when we say that Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. have done a most philanthropic work for the past ten years in educating the people up to the knowledge they now enjoy, especially of maladies growing out of diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and are deserving of all praise for their honesty and straightforwardness in exposing shams and dishonesty of all kinds.

30 New Styles, Gold Oval, Hidden Name and Border Floral Cards, with name, 10cts. 25 New samples every month 4 cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

GOOD-BYE, my Lover, Good-Bye, &c.

4 PACKS OF CARDS FREE. One Pack May I C U Home Cards, One Pack Hold

99 Sample Styles of Hidden Name and

TURKISH HAIR GROWER.

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.
Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium" for a number of years, I cheerfully testify to its efficacy in removing dandruff and preventing the hair from falling out. It also renders the hair soft and lustrous.
MRS. M. L. HARDT,
No. 128 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1886
Having used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past fifteen years, I cheerfully recommend it as a valuable preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleaning the scalp, and efficacious in case of nervous headache.
MRS. J. C. UHLE,
No. 613 Pine Street.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.
MRS. J. W. LODGE,
Merion Station, Montgomery Co., Pa.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past ten or twelve years, and have found it a most excellent "tonic" for the hair, having cleansing and invigorating properties of a very high order.
Respectfully,
LEWIS S. COX.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by
DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.
GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.
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We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.
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Magnificent Proof copy of VOROTLIN'S wonderful painting
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Size 24x28, original cost $20,000, never before offered to the public, will be sent FREE to every reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST. First applicant in each neighborhood will secure the agency (beside the grand work of art) which will be valuable. It will be necessary to order immediately, as the supply will be limited on such an extraordinary offer. Address at once to
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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

A SUFFERER from errors of youth, wasting weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable manner after all else had failed, that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address J. C. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Conn.

THOMAS M. LOCKE,
DEALER IN
CARPETINGS.
939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The very beautiful shades of reds lately in vogue have heralded in some charming lighter shades for spring and summer wear—all variations of *rust* shades. They are extremely delicate and beautiful, and, in woolen or silk, for day or evening wear, will during the spring be trimmed with black lace, marabout, and passementerie, as black fur was the preferred ornament for the winter reds.

Artificial flowers play an important part in evening toilettes. One of the latest novelties is the floral waistbelt, or girdle, for Empire dresses, encircling the waist, and fastened with a ribbon or brooch to the side, the two long garland ends falling on the skirt. Long flowing sprays cross the skirt diagonally, edge the side of a train, and ornament one side of a crossed corsage. The flowers are works of art, in all species, all shades of color.

Roses are very fashionable, but chrysanthemums still more so, because they are so varied and original of color.

Poppies of faded tints are much worn, also snowdrops, light garlands of the cyclamen, and pinks of all varieties.

Taste is decidly inclining to the Princess dress. This has been some time in the form of the redingote, but the plain Princess of brocade, pekin, or faille, is in high favor as a ball dress, with plain skirt beneath. It is decidedly becoming, and lengthens the waist of a stout figure, which is all unfitted for a girlish Empire corsage.

There is a marked tendency to revive the leg-of-mutton sleeve of the Restoration, not the leg of-mutton enormous at the shoulder and diminishing to almost nothing at the wrist, but a large pleated puff making a voluminous sleeve at the shoulder. Few plain close sleeves are seen. They are generally draped or trimmed so that they are large and full at the top. Even draped epaulettes are frequently added to gain the desired effect.

Great ingenuity is shown in preparing graceful draperies for short sleeves, and some of the models, in delicate tulle or lace, draped so as to partially show the arm, are triumphs of artistic taste, secured in place by bows or beads.

The draperies in vogue for supple, soft materials, are truly exquisite. Evening dresses are being made of crepe de Chine, deliciously draped, the edge bordered with a satin ribbon and a broad band of filigree silk embroidery worked in satin stitch.

All skirts for evening wear, and mostly for day wear also, are worn long, that is, nearly resting on the ground in front, and trailing a little at the back. Even young girls' evening dresses have this apology for a train.

An original toilette is of black satin, with long train lined with flame satin. It is a straight, severe Princess dress, with decoration of gold braid round the low neck, and at the waist by way of chatelaine girdle. Long black sleeves *a la Juive* hang to the ground, made of gauze. They are open to the shoulder in front, and give a strange beauty to the toilette.

A noticeable trait in the styles is the open hanging sleeve, which is attaining considerable prominence both for dresses and mantles.

Veils illustrate the odd freaks of fashion. The veil is frilled round the crown of the hat, falls over the brim, and is frilled about the neck with a ribbon runner. It is not a pretty style, and it is a most inconvenient one, especially as the veil chosen is generally rather liberally provided with a pattern, in the way of spots, etc., and the poor prisoner cannot even see plainly, let alone use her handkerchief! Such veils can only be worn with wide-brimmed hats, the brim serving to keep the veil from pressing too closely on the face.

The boa is making struggles to exist during the spring and summer, so it has put on a new garb, and appears made of ruched tulle for day or evening wear. These are pretty trifles, keeping draughts from the neck without encountering the too great warmth of fur or even feathers, and they are very inexpensive. They soil easily and crumple, so a tulle boa can only be worn once or twice.

The polo hat will be fashionable this spring, a small toque, or rather hat, not unlike a soldier's undress cap in shape, almost round, with plain flat crown. The brim is of velvet, or better still of marabout or feathers.

The Lady's cloth has come out in lighter, thinner spring makes. Cashmere has many new forms. There is the Thetan, with upstanding hairs like Indian cashmere; Kangra cashmere, with the chevron weaving; armure cashmere, with fancy weaving of another kind; cashmere melange, which shows splashes and flecks of white, or a contrasting color, as though the whitewasher's brush had been playing havoc.

These splashes are one of the marked features of this year's woolens. They are altogether new; indeed, they savor much of the knickerbocker stripes that were worn some years ago, but they have become longer, wider apart, and more distinctive.

Cashmere is a generic name, which everybody understands; but the drapers have others, which are perfect guides to them, but do not so easily enlighten the public.

Many of these stuffs are made in three varieties, to be used together—plain, striped, and checked. The fancy checked stuffs are not new, but they have novelties introduced on the old patterns.

For example, there is a worsted check with a diaper plaid, so woven that it forms a fancy check in the ground.

Scotch tweeds are among the well-known materials which are made of the triple amalgamation; a more useful, well-wearing fabric it would be difficult to find.

Alpacas are to the fore again, used plain and striped, and they have been made now not only with fancy and shaded stripes, but with figures upon them, and glace and lace-like stripes which are entirely new.

The fashionable colors are, first, reseda—a wide term, covering many tones of green and terra cotta, which include dark and lurid hues, and a red blotting paper tint, perhaps more deep pink than red, of which so many of the best Paris gowns for early spring are being made.

Olive-green holds an honorable place. Newer and well suited to stuffs in light colors is "parchment," a name that exactly conveys the tint to which it lends its name. There is a new dark blue, called Neptune: a reddish-brown, Afrique; a tawny olive, and a pure pink. Grays, fawns, and stones play an all-important part.

The salient features of the new woolens are stated in two words—borders and brocades; but, however, they are treated in quite new fashion. Very pretty are the brocades of conventional flowers, thrown on a twilled surface, and covering it well. They are the sort of patterns you often come across in unbordered damask; and, to cite one example among many, imagine a blush-gray twill ground covered all over with small running leaves and conventional daisies in parchment tones. The varieties, however, are endless, and the result when these stuffs are made up in the latest French fashions are delightful.

Most of the new woolens are made of double width, in order to be used to the best advantage in the prevailing styles; and, curious to relate, this has not increased in price, except in the more costly robes, where only a couple of yards of brocade are needed, but they are as costly as silk.

A number of so-called robes are sold, and these are the more costly class of goods. Some of them are gems in their way. One of the prettiest I have seen had a parchment ground, plenty of the plain stuff, and two double yards for the front, with poppies in deep olive-green, growing up naturally from the hem to the depth of half a yard. They were exquisitely designed.

Many of the designs for these, handsomely bordered, are borrowed from the Empire period.

The varieties in woolen brocades are so great it is difficult to describe even the leading features. Some of the silk and wool brocades in patterns thrown all over the stuff are not unlike the wool damasks used for tablecloths of late years. Others, again, have finely woven silk-striped designs of Empire wreaths and neutral tints combined, drabs and browns forming the patterns on gray grounds.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Butterfly Lace.—Make a chain of 17 stitches; turn.

1st row—One treble crochet in fourth stitch from needle, 1 treble in each of next three stitches, three chain, pass over three stitches, and work 1 treble in each of next 6 stitches; turn.

2d row—Three chain, 1 treble in each of next 5 trebles of preceding row, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop of 3 chain in last row, 5 chain, fasten in end of work to form a loop; turn.

3d row—Three chain, work 7 trebles in 5 chain of the last row, 6 trebles over 6 trebles of previous row, 3 chain, 6 trebles in next loop; turn.

4th row—Three chain, 5 trebles over 6 trebles of previous row, beginning with the second treble, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop made by chain of 3, pass over 4 stitches in scallop, 2 chain, pass over 1, 1 treble between sixth and seventh stitches, and so continue around the scallop; turn.

5th row—Make 9 small scallops as follows: One double, 4 chain, 1 double in centre of first 2 chain, 1 double, 4 chain, 1 double in first bar, and so continue to end of scallop, then 6 trebles over 6 trebles in preceding row, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop; turn.

6th row—Three chain, 5 trebles over 6 trebles in last row beginning with second treble, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop, 3 chain; turn.

7th row—Five trebles, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop; turn.

8th row—Three chain, 5 trebles, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop, 5 chain, fastened in end of 5 trebles in last row to form a scallop; turn.

9th row—Three chain, 7 trebles in loop of 5 chain, 6 trebles in next 6 trebles of last row, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop; turn.

10th row—Three chain, 5 trebles, 3 chain, 6 trebles in loop, pass over 4 stitches, 1 treble between fourth and fifth stitches 2 chain, 1 treble between sixth and seventh stitches, and so continue around the scallop, fastening in the top of the last 5 chain at the bottom of the first scallop; turn.

11th row—The same as fifth row, which will end the scallop. Begin at sixth row to repeat.

Run a chain across the top for a heading by which to attach the trimming to whatever is liked.

Photographs.—A modern drawing-room displays more flowers and more photographs than anything else. The latter are arranged in the new screens of light-colored leather, worked in gold and silver, after old Flemish models, which at the top fold into three heights, or in high continuous screens of leather, plush and silk placed on cabinets, piano, and tables.

Single and double frame are to be seen in every variety, made in plush, with silver corners in the new silver filigree on velvet, which does not tarnish, and in the vegetable ivory, gold inlaid work, fine wrought leather, &c.

There never were more frames to choose from, but even these may be found to take up too much room. Large cardboard squares are covered with brocade and bands of piece velvet, into which the photographs are slipped, so that they show a little, and can be easily picked out.

Large screens, too, are made for the photographs to slip in. The likenesses themselves are now either large or small, midget size; the former are framed and hung on the wall, the latter have a choice of frames, some pretty ones, in three shades of striped leather.

Tired Eyes.—People speak about their eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina, or nerve portion of the brain that does the seeing, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina rarely tires. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball, and the muscle of accommodation which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at, this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is to be looked at.

It is in these three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt, and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, which may be accompanied with some pain. When the eye tires easily, rest is not the proper remedy, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to aid in accommodating the eye to vision.

THE KING OF GAME FISH.—The tarpon is the king of game fish. His home is in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Western Atlantic. He occasionally appears as far North as the Jersey coast, and is met with around the West Indies, but is most frequently caught in the bays and harbors of the Florida coast. In his prime the tarpon is a six-footer. He weighs from 100 to 150 pounds. He is remarkable for his great beauty. When first landed his scales shine as though plated with silver. He has a long bony projection at the dorsal fin, which is often seen scooting along the top of the water while the fish is out of sight beneath. The tarpon is known in Georgia as the "Jew-fish," and in Texas as the "Savanilla." In other places it is called "silver fish" and "silver king." The French speaking people of the Gulf coast call it the "grand ecaille," owing to the size of the scales.

Confidential Correspondents.

SAMOA.—The group numbers in all thirteen islands which are called Navigators' Islands, or Samoa.

M. D.—What you describe is a species of gambling, and would not be a wise nor honest way of making money.

DEBATE.—The population of London, England, in 1886 was 4,149,533; the population of Pennsylvania at the census of 1880 was 4,282,891.

L. C. D.—Before the war slave-holding States had a representation in Congress based upon three fifths of the slaves added to the free population.

R. E. A.—We should seriously advise you to leave your nose alone; any attempt to alter the shape of it will be sure to result in further disfigurement.

K. T.—The Jews date from the Creation which they consider to have been 3,760 years and three months before the commencement of our era. To reduce Jewish time to ours, subtract from the Jewish year 3,761 years.

JOSEPHINE.—You are too young to think of matrimony, and assuredly a man, six years older than yourself, should know better than to persuade you to meet him clandestinely. No wonder that you are unhappy in deceiving your parents. Prove your repentance.

NORA.—Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker lady, who was a preacher and philanthropist, and interested herself greatly in British and foreign prisons. Her maiden name was Gurney; she was born on May 21, 1780, and she married Joseph Fry in 1800, and died October 12, 1845.

C. T.—It is a popular error that this Government ever offered a reward for the discovery of perpetual motion. How such foolish notions get into circulation is surprising; but the amount of credulity and ignorance abroad, even among the so-called educated, is remarkable.

SPENCER.—Poetry can be and is written on any kind of writing paper. Note or letter paper is, however, the handiest. In all writing for the press, only one side of the sheet is used. It can be and is sent in any form. By mail or express. If your first poem is good enough, we will publish it with pleasure.

MAYFLOWER.—Artemisia was a Queen of Caria. Her husband, Mausolus, was famous for his personal beauty. She erected to his memory a monument, or mausoleum, called one of the seven wonders of the world; the term has from thence been applied to all monuments of great size and splendor. She was inconsolable for her husband's death, and died two years after through grief.

M. L. P.—Cleopatra's Needle was a great monument standing before the Temple of On, the great Egyptian seat of learning, where Moses was so highly educated. The true significance of the obelisk is said to be obscure, but it was a symbol of the sun, and of the god Amun (or Amen), the name signifying "the unrevealed." In very early periods small obelisks were erected by the tombs of kings, recording their histories.

EXTER.—Gallium is gallium, just as gold is gold—an element. Its discovery in 1875 by a French chemist in an ore from the Pyrenees was foreshadowed by the declarations of theoretical chemistry that such an element existed, as well as others then unknown, with properties well defined. It is worth $2000 an ounce because it is so scarce. There is no industrial use to which the metal is put, as it is as soft as, or softer, than lead. It is only a laboratory curiosity.

GRINDER.—Your symptoms are mainly those of dyspepsia and nervous debility. You must not brood over your feelings, as you will only make yourself worse; and, above all, do not have recourse to stimulants to cheer you up. You are quite right to take plenty of exercise. You can do a great deal for yourself by encouraging cheerful habits and occupying your mind when off work. You will find quinine and iron as good a tonic as you can take.

NO ONE TO KNOW.—"Perfect love casteth out fear." If you loved him, and he loved you, you would not be afraid of him. One does not harm what he loves. He may imagine he loves, but that is all. As this world goes a bad temper is not, or in our opinion, should not be an insurmountable objection in a man. The devil himself is said by the poets to be a "perfect gentleman," and never shows any temper. He is none the less, however, what he is, for all that. Marriage has more or less of chance in it under all circumstances, and if your sweetheart has no worse fault than a bit of bad temper, we would advise you to stand by him. That he shows his temper proves he is not a hypocrite, and that in itself, is a good deal for either man or woman when courting.

ZITTIE.—The word "crystal" is from the Latin crystallum, from a Greek word meaning ice, cold, frost, crystal. The dictionary gives four meanings, but if you wish to study the scientific one, you had better get some standard treatise on mineralogy, as the subject is very interesting from a geometrical point of view, and crystals are arranged in classes or systems. The glass of a watch is called "a crystal," also a species of glass more perfect in its composition than ordinary glass. The word "crystal" is also applied as a descriptive term to anything clear which resembles it, such as water. Dryden speaks of "the crystal streams that murmur through the meads." Crystal gives as a woman's name means clear, lucid, transparent, crystalline.

ANGIOLA.—General Prim was a Spanish soldier and politician, born in Catalonia, December 6, 1814. From 1837, when he became colonel in the army of the Christinos, he was constantly embroiled in some way with the politics and government of Spain. He was banished, and in 1868 directed from Brussels the insurrection which terminated in the flight of Queen Isabella, and his own triumphal entry into Madrid. He was Minister of War in Serrano's Provisional Government, and then became Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, and President of the Cabinet, 1869. As such he successively offered the Spanish throne to Espartero, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, out of whose nomination arose the Franco-German War, and Amadeus of Savoy, who accepted it, and on December 30, 1870, he was shot by some unknown assassins in his carriage, and died, aged 56, December 30, the day King Amadeus landed at Cartagena.